

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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INVADERS OF THE SNOW QUEEN'S REALM: A SKI ARMY ADVANCING ON THE SLOPES ABOVE ST. MORITZ.

The dominions of the Snow Queen on the Alpine slopes are the scene of annual "raids" by an ever-increasing host marching under the banner of Hygiea, the goddess of health and recreation. "Day by day in the winter sport season," writes our artist in explanation of his drawing, "happy crowds ascend from St. Moritz to the Chantarella snowfields, which are a paradise for the ski-runner.

As one looks back along the path leading from the funicular railway (seen in the left middle distance), after the arrival of a train, the people as they walk up the hill carrying ski resemble an invading army. It is difficult to realise the fact that St. Moritz, in the 'valley' below Chantarella, is itself situated at an altitude of 6090 feet above sea level."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME remarks of mine in *The Illustrated London News* have been criticised in the paper which I was myself on that occasion criticising. It may appear rather a bore to begin to be controversial again so soon after Christmas; but the controversy is one on which the very existence of Christmas, among other things, may come to depend. In my own case, however, there is none of that element of sentiment which is now generally associated with Christmas. With all respect, I will venture to say that it is my opponent, who professes to be sceptical, who is entirely sentimental. He professes to fear that, in debating matters with me, he will be "drawn into a verbal duel"; but I will repeat (equally respectfully) that it is his argument that is entirely verbal. Old-fashioned sceptics of his sort are so absolutely set and fossilised in certain formulas, or combinations of words, that it is almost impossible to get them to understand, or even to try to understand, anything like a thought with which they are not familiar.

Some of the preliminary differences may really be verbal and very easily disposed of. I pointed out to the people who say that creeds are crumbling that they do in fact crumble less than anything else; that certain abstract theological and theoretical definitions have outlasted all sorts of other things, but especially outlasted their enemies. They have ultimately outlasted empires and civilisations which lasted quite a long time. They have much more easily outlasted heresies and hostile philosophies, which lasted quite a short time. I said, therefore, that it is the criticism and not the creed that crumbles. And the critic's answer to this involves one or two minor points before the main point. He says that the creeds have crumbled which were expressed in the bricks of Nineveh, the marble of Athens, and so on. There are two misunderstandings in this matter. First of all, I never said that no creeds had ever crumbled; I only said that even these lasted longer than their critics; and that could be exemplified easily enough from the very pagan antiquity to which he appeals. The gods of ancient Egypt lasted a great deal longer than the intellectual interlude of the Heretic Pharaoh who tried to abolish them. The mythology of Hellas lasted a great deal longer than the sneering of Euripides or even the laughter of Lucian. The second answer is that it was exactly the peculiarity of that pagan antiquity that it did not have creeds, in the sense in which the critic in question talks of creeds. It had a mythology very vague and branching into uncounted and uncorrected legends, created by the populace or the poets. And it never did at any period of its rise or decline crystallise itself into those lucid logical summaries of the Christian creeds. Nobody ever was required to stand up and say: "I believe in Jupiter and Juno," and go on with a fixed and final definition of all the relations of gods and men. The Creed, in that sense, was a Christian thing. And it has proved itself indestructible.

The critic also complains of my predilection for "a sort of pillow-fight of analogies and illustrations"; and goes off himself into a long and elaborate and quite arbitrary analogy, of exactly the kind which

logicians condemn as the analogy that is not an argument. He chooses to compare creeds to crumbling temples and ruined shrines, and criticism to the weather that wears them away; and then goes on talking about what weather does and ruin does, without any reference whatever to the reality for which these symbols stand. It is my whole point that creeds last because they are abstract and not concrete; and that criticism changes, not as weather changes by unchanging laws or conditions, but absolutely and abruptly, like a series of statements flatly contradicting each other. And it is about this last point that he says what really brings the matter to its main issue. It also proves that, probably by my own fault, he did not really understand a word I said. He asks: "Does anyone claim that science, that

culture by walking about without any clothes. It is obvious that, if this is the ideal, many more moderate persons might be represented as moving towards that ideal. The Hatless Brigade can be considered as prophetic types of the New Adamites. The first old gentleman to go without an overcoat becomes a somewhat unconscious forerunner of the gospel. Persons at various stages shedding coats, waistcoats, shirts and so on, are all moving towards the light—or towards the air. In that sense we may say truly that they have not arrived at finality; though it may be more difficult to say what the naked Prussian professor will do next. It is equally obvious that a case could be made for exactly the opposite theory of improvement. A logician might legitimately say that clothes are the sign of our rise out of savagery, and grow more elaborate as we rise higher. A lunatic might logically say that, in consequence of this, the more clothes we wear the better; and he might hasten to put on ten hats and twelve overcoats. He also might rear a pagoda of hats and hide in a labyrinth of coats before he had arrived at finality.

But one thing is absolutely certain. He could not by putting on more clothes claim to continue the work of the man who wanted to put on less clothes or no clothes. If one of these reforms will make us better than we are, the other will make us worse than we are. One or other of these two reformers must be simply aggravating the evil that the other is trying to reform. He is not to be counted among the adventurous varieties of the search after the ultimate good, but simply among the most insolent supporters of the original evil. On the other hand, if we come to the conclusion that the second critic is wrong, then it is perfectly possible that the first critic was right; and if we conclude that the first critic was wrong, it is perfectly possible that the thing originally criticised was right. But, anyhow, by no possible argument can you make a progress out of these two persons pottering to and fro and effacing each other's footprints.

Now it is my contention that this has in fact been the historical character of heresies and higher criticisms and the rest. They have hardly ever pursued the same consistent and cumulative line of criticism for eighty years at a time. The example I took was the example my critic took, and was in that sense one on his side and not on mine. But I pointed out that, even in his own

chosen example, the contradiction is still clear. Huxley, as an advanced agnostic, said that Christ would have been wrong to interfere with private property. The next advanced agnostic may be a Communist and say it is quite right to interfere with private property. It is not a question of which is right or wrong. But if Huxley was right, the next heretic will probably be wrong. And if Huxley was wrong, it seems even conceivable that Christ was right. It is so with a thousand other things of the sort in the present theological fuss. Blaming the Church for thinking too much of the Bible cannot be a continuation of blaming the Church for thinking too little of the Bible. It is not a reform or a relative advance or a thing falling short of finality. It is a recantation. It cannot in reason be anything but a recantation; and all reasonable men will see it.



THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF PICTURES: CHINESE SOLDIERS OF THE ANKUOCHUN FORCES INTERESTED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHILE REPOSING ON A PILE OF SHELLS DURING THE SIEGE OF CHOCHOW.

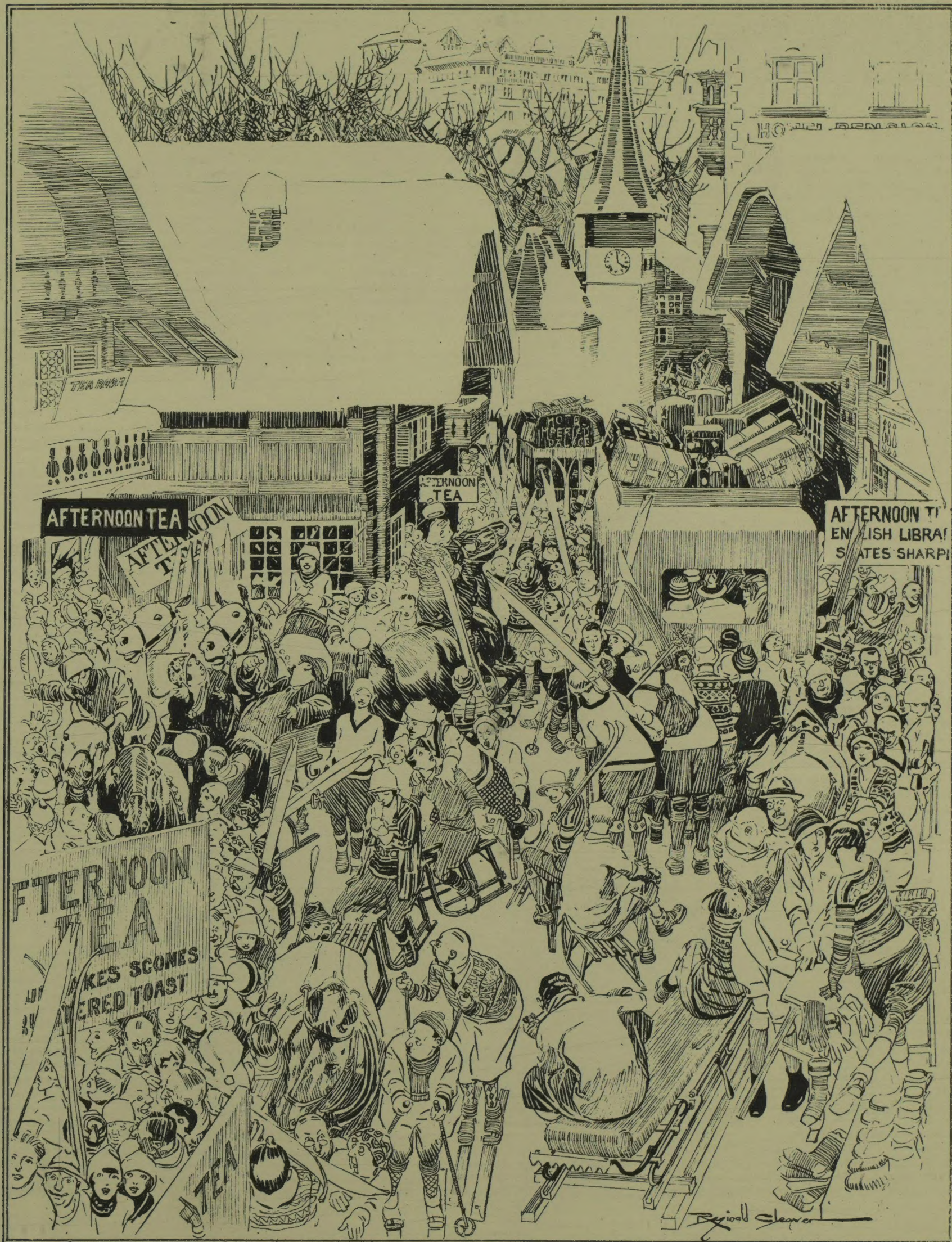
The universal appeal of illustrations is here very evident. The copy of our paper in which the two soldiers are so deeply absorbed is that of July 30 last, containing some photographs of the Chinese wars which have doubtless arrested their attention. The accompanying letterpress referred to "the mystifying game of chess proceeding across China," and to-day the game seems to be no nearer a checkmate. A recent phase has been the anti-"Red" movement at Canton, and the expulsion of Russian Communists and Soviet officials. The incident shown here is stated to have occurred during the siege by Ankuochun forces (Northerners) of the walled city of Chochow, held by Shansi troops under a "Red" general.

the Higher Criticism, that human endeavour in any field has arrived at finality?" And when I read those words I heave a gentle sigh, and address myself for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time to the task of trying to make rationalism listen to reason.

It is not a question of arriving at finality. It is not a question of arriving anywhere. It is a question of whether we can be said to be any nearer to arriving anywhere if we always walk first in one direction and then in the opposite direction. Criticism cannot claim any sort of continuity if it invariably contradicts itself. Progress may be relative, but it must be relative to a direction, and cannot count in all the steps it has taken in the opposite direction. There are people in Prussia, at this moment, who are again leading the world to a higher

A COMING TRAFFIC PROBLEM? 4 P.M. IN A WINTER-SPORT CENTRE!

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER. (COPYRIGHTED.)

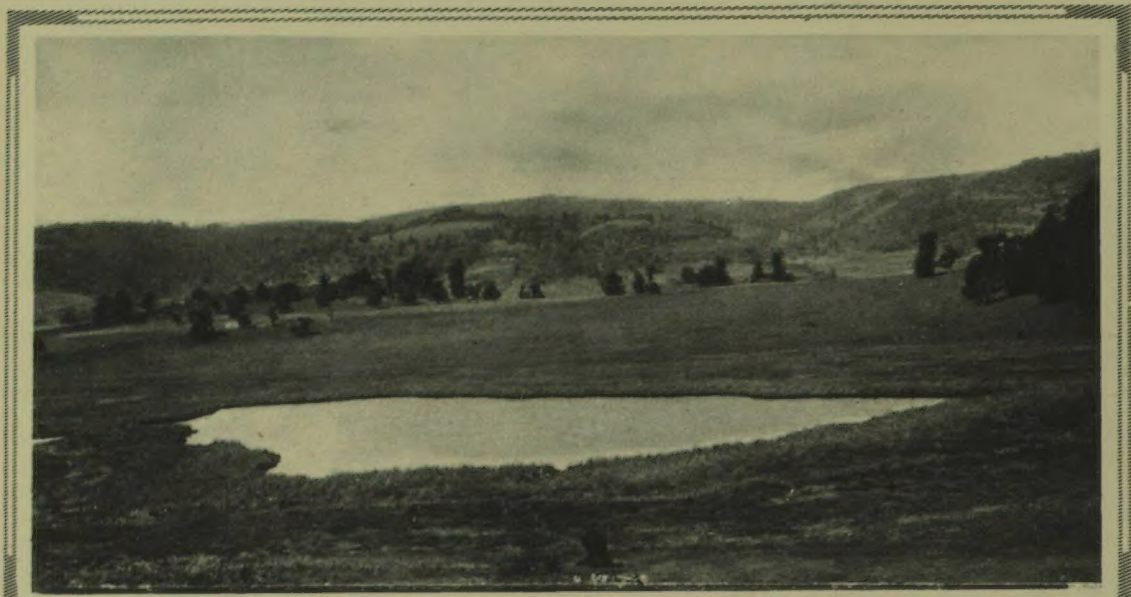


THE "CRUSHIEST" HOUR AT A WINTER-SPORT CENTRE IN SWITZERLAND: AFTERNOON TEA-TIME—
A HUMOROUS PICTORIAL WARNING TO LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

"Both at home and abroad," writes the artist in a note on his drawing, "traffic problems have become a question of the day. Given that winter sports continue on their increasingly popular career unhindered, and apparently they will, there is a sporting chance that, sooner or later, Swiss Alpine centres will offer one problem more. Perhaps an illustration, based on all available

data, showing what it may be like, may help to meet the trouble half way! The authorities know that, as it is, winter sportsmen and women entirely monopolise both road and sidewalk; also that the period of each day reserved for afternoon tea is quite the 'crushiest.'" Doubtless, they will act accordingly, and, as usual, take all precautions to ensure the comfort of their visitors.

SACRED LAKES OF ABYSSINIA: A SERPENT SHRINE; CHRIST'S BLOOD.



1. BELIEVED TO BE IMMENSELY DEEP AND THE HAUNT OF A MAN-EATING SNAKE, WHOSE "SHRINE," WITH A GROUP OF WHITE-CLAD NATIVES SEATED BEFORE IT, IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND: THE "SERPENT LAKE" AT WOURAMBOULCHI.



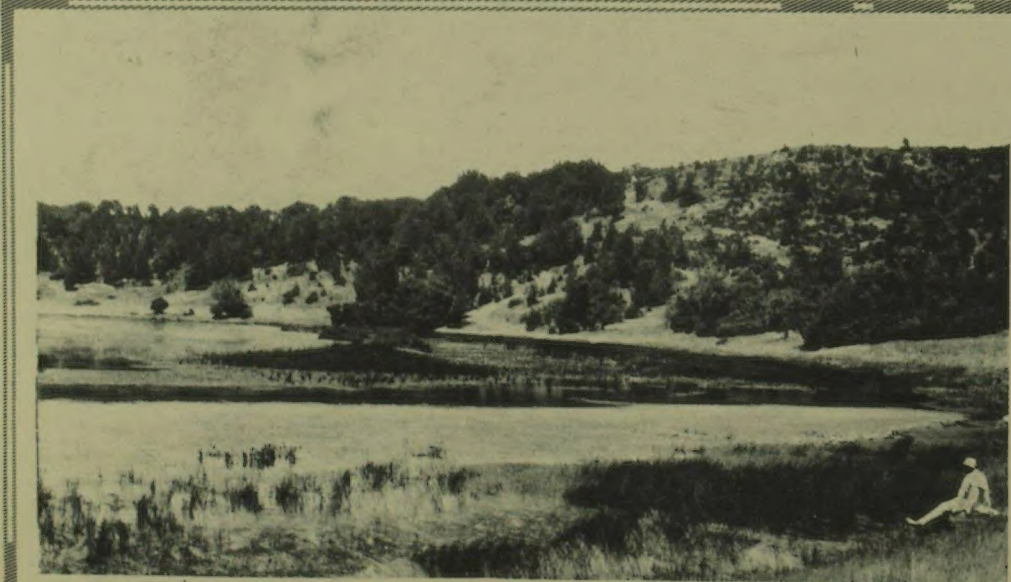
2. CONSTRUCTED BY THE NATIVES IN HONOUR OF THE GREAT SERPENT SUPPOSED TO INHABIT THE LAKE AT WOURAMBOULCHI: THE SHRINE.



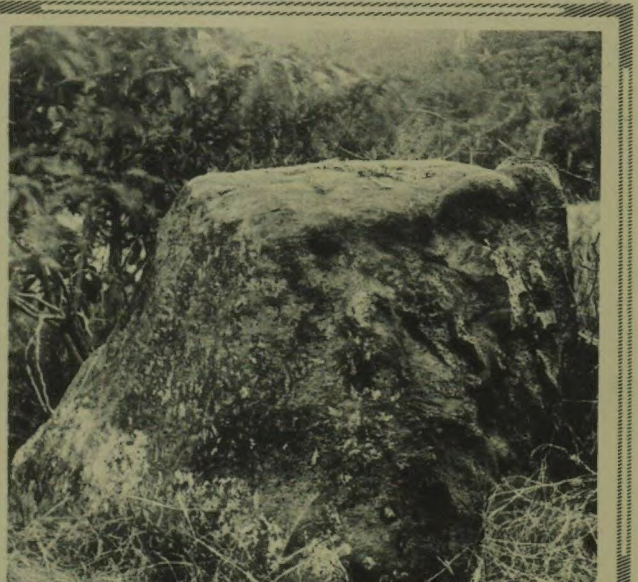
3. WATERS IN WHICH AN ARCHANGEL IS BELIEVED TO HAVE DEPOSITED SOME OF OUR LORD'S BLOOD: THE SACRED LAKE IN THE CRATER OF MT. ZUKWALA, AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.



4. HELD SO HOLY THAT NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST MAY DRINK OF ITS WATERS, AND NO CAMP MAY BE PITCHED WITHIN THE CRATER RIM: LAKE ZUKWALA—ANOTHER VIEW.



5. WITH AN ABYSSINIAN SEATED ON A STONE AND RAISING HIS LEG TO PREVENT IT FROM TOUCHING THE SACRED WATER: THE LAKE IN THE CRATER OF MT. ZUKWALA, AN EXTINCT VOLCANO REGARDED AS A MIGHTY CHALICE.



6. WITH BUTTER SMEARED CEREMONIALLY ON ITS SIDES, AND ON TOP AN OFFERING OF NECKLACES AND A BRACELET: A GALLA STONE BESIDE LAKE ZUKWALA.

During a recent zoological expedition in Abyssinia, some remarkable legends and superstitions regarding sacred lakes were encountered by Mr. J. Omer Cooper, of Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. In an article contributed to "Discovery," he writes: "Here (at Wouramboulchi) is an interesting lake from which a stream rises that flows into the Blue Nile. My head man tried to dissuade me from attempting to reach the lake on the following grounds. It was very deep, deeper than the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; it was inhabited by a great serpent which ate everyone who went out to the lake. . . . Four times my men struck, and then a large number of armed Gallas arrived in camp to try to dissuade me. . . . Between forty and fifty gathered and shouted in unison. My boy told me that they were praying for my safety. . . . I fear I have destroyed a local deity, for sacrifices of sheep and oxen were made regularly to the great

serpent. The photograph (No. 1, above) was taken from the spot on which the sacrifices were made, and the small object in the foreground is a shrine built for the serpent, round which some Gallas are seated with some of my men. After I had reached the lake, and the serpent had taken no action, the natives began to feel doubtful of its existence. . . . Mt. Zukwala is a fine extinct volcano (9600 ft.), and in the centre of the crater is a small lake. . . . After the second collection (i.e., of specimens) the Christian priests forbade us to approach the water again. This lake is sacred, as an archangel deposited in it some of Our Lord's blood, and the mountain is, in fact, a mighty chalice." Butter is much used by the natives for ceremonial purposes. "An Arrusi does not marry until his head has been buttered, and as this ceremony may not be carried out until he has killed a man, a lion, or an elephant, one cannot go out alone."

GREAT FIGURES IN "A MONARCHY WITH A VACANT THRONE."

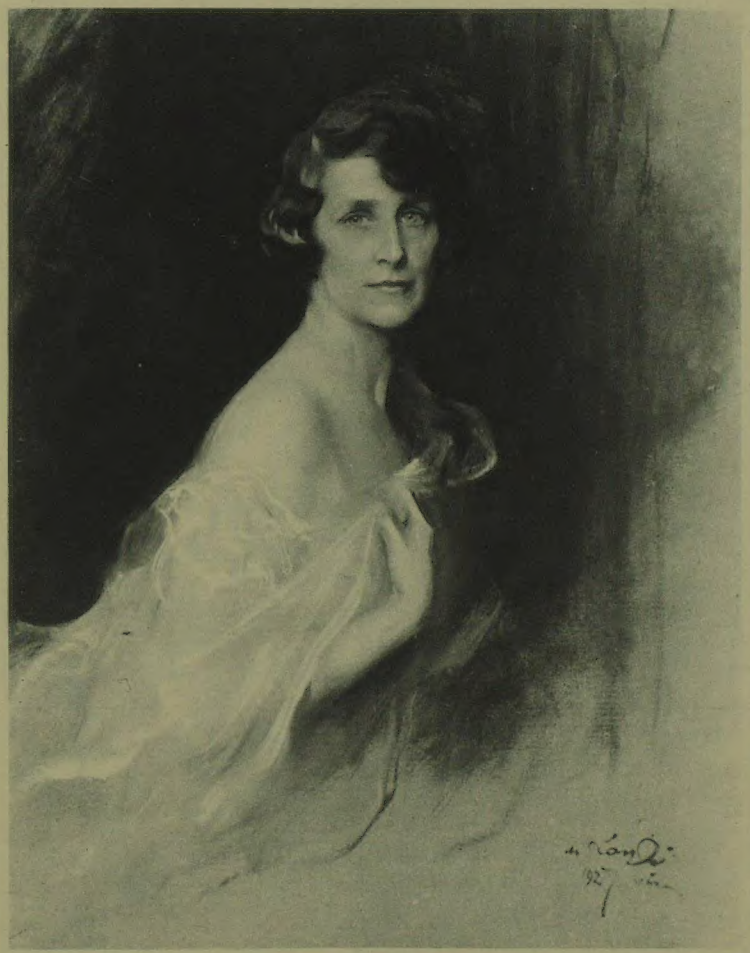
REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, MR. PHILIP DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



ADMIRAL NICHOLAS HORTHY, THE REGENT OF HUNGARY.



MME. NICHOLAS HORTHY, WIFE OF THE REGENT OF HUNGARY.



COUNTESS BETHLEN, WIFE OF THE HUNGARIAN PRIME MINISTER.

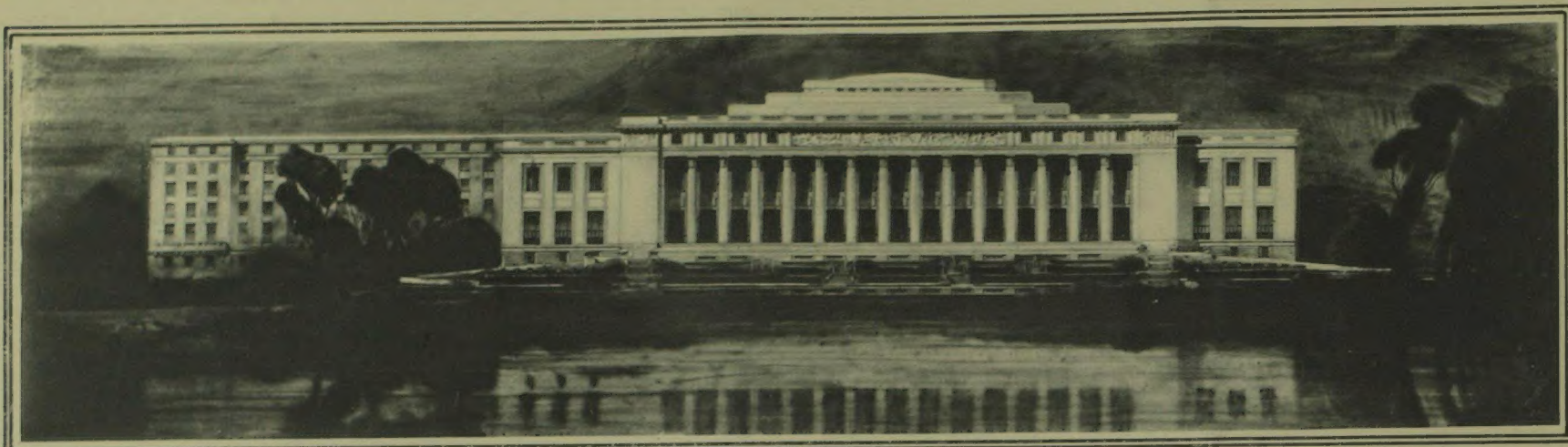


COUNT STEPHEN BETHLEN, PRIME MINISTER OF HUNGARY.

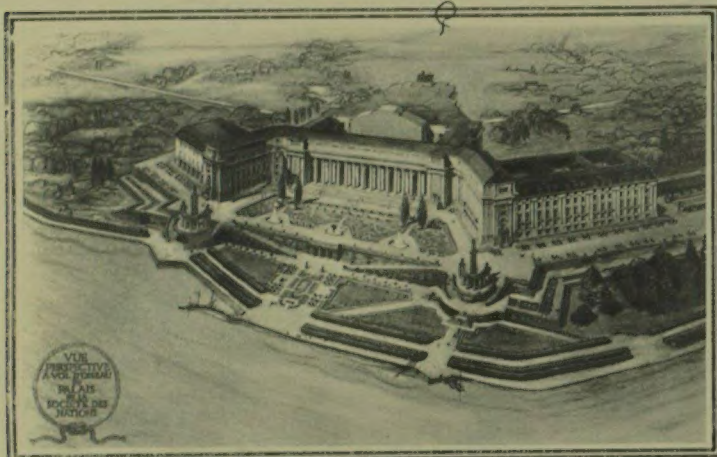
Our readers will recall that we published in our issue of October 29 last a photograph of that famous artist, Mr. Philip de Laszlo, in his studio, with his portraits of the Regent of Hungary and the Hungarian Prime Minister and their wives. We now have pleasure in reproducing those pictures in their finished form. The kingdom of Hungary has, of course, been much in the papers of late

in consequence of its position with regard to the Czecho-Slovakian Republic, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanja, it will be recalled, was elected Regent of Hungary on March 1, 1920, Hungary being considered a monarchy with a vacant throne, the functions of the monarch being exercised by a Regent.

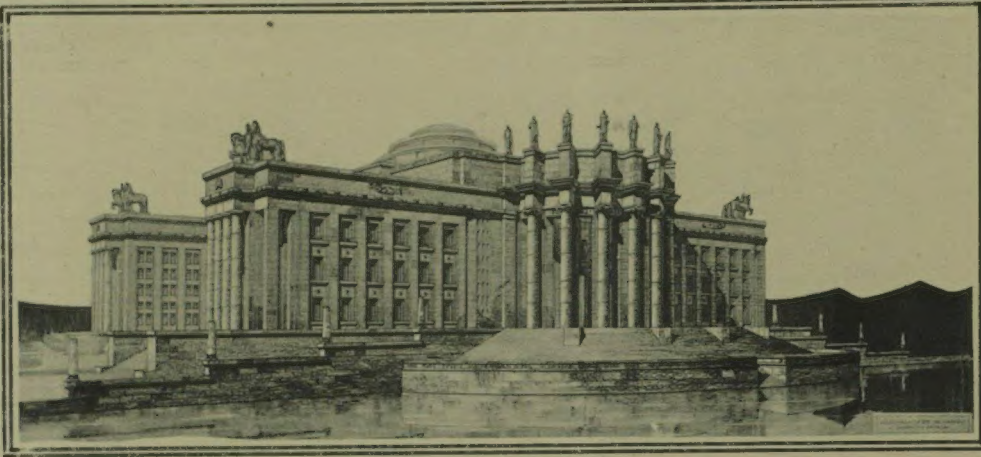
THE PALACE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA: THE CHOSEN DESIGN; AND OTHERS.



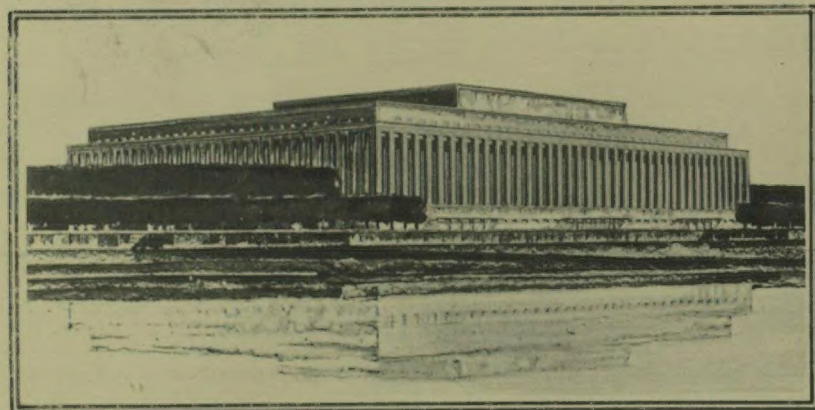
SELECTED AS THE BASIS OF THE NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS BUILDING AT GENEVA: THE DESIGN BY M. HENRI PAUL NENOT, OF PARIS, AND M. JULIEN FLEGENHEIMER, OF GENEVA, COMBINING THE ASSEMBLY AND THE SECRETARIAT INTO ONE ARCHITECTURAL UNIT (ONE OF NINE DESIGNS AWARDED EQUAL PRIZES OF 12,000 FRANCS), PROVISIONALLY ADOPTED WITH THE STIPULATION THAT CERTAIN OF THE OTHER ARCHITECTS (NAMED BELOW) SHALL COLLABORATE IN A FINAL REVISION.



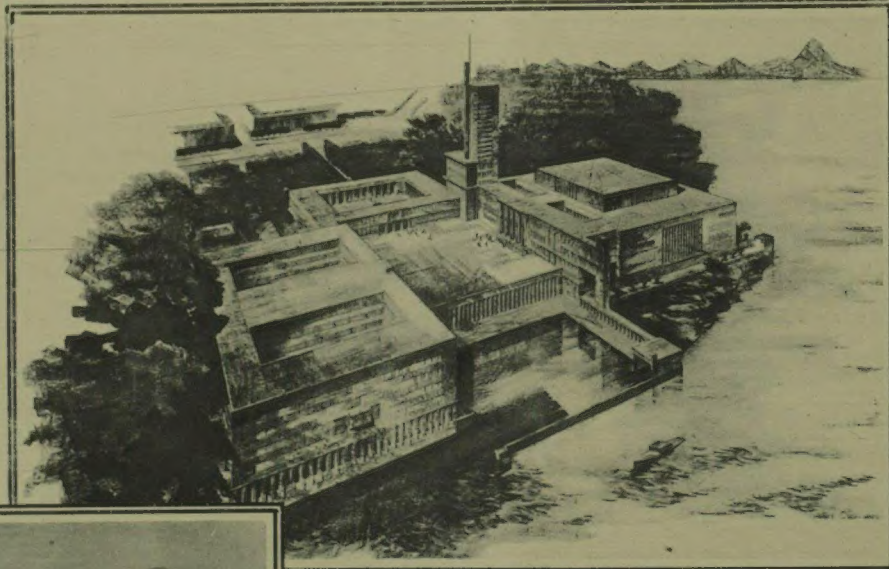
OF "THE MOST WELCOMING CHARACTER FROM THE RECESSION OF THE CENTRAL PORTION": THE DESIGN BY M. GEORGES LABRO, OF PARIS.



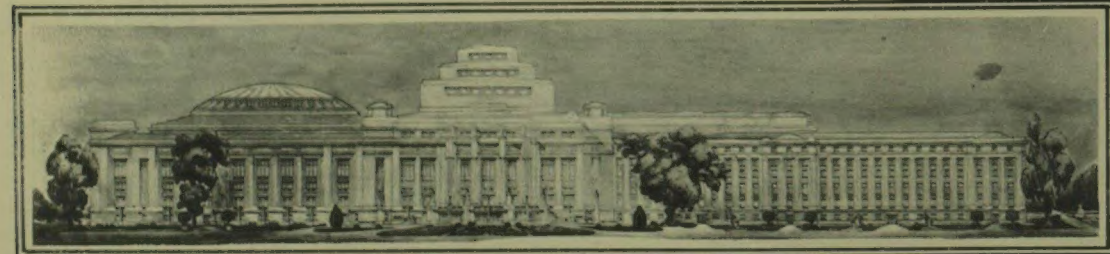
BY ITALIAN ARCHITECTS TO COLLABORATE IN THE FINAL REVISION: A "COMPACT, SYMMETRICAL, AND PRACTICALLY CONVENIENT" DESIGN BY SIGNORI CARLO BROGGI, GIUSEPPE VACCARO, AND LUIGI FRANZI, OF ROME.



A GERMAN DESIGN, "RISING IN TERRACES TO A FLAT CENTRAL ROOF": THAT OF HERREN ERICK ZU PUTLITZ, RUDOLF KLOPHAU, AND AUGUST SCHOCH, OF HAMBURG.

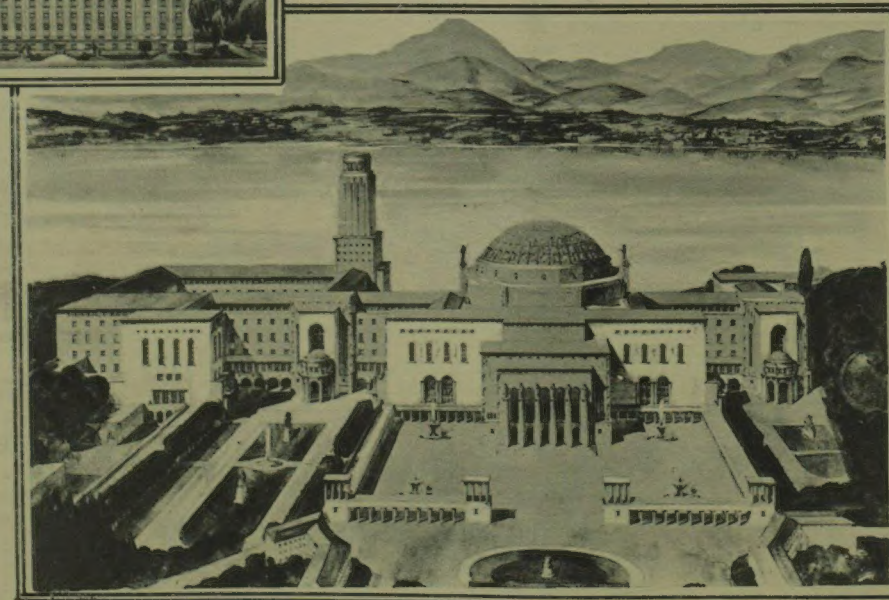


ANOTHER GERMAN SUGGESTION: THE DESIGN SUBMITTED BY HERREN EMIL FAHRENKAMP AND ALBERT DENEKE, OF DÜSSELDORF.



BY A FRENCH ARCHITECT WHO IS TO COLLABORATE IN THE FINAL REVISION: A DESIGN BY M. LEFÈVRE, OF PARIS, "SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THE ONE ADOPTED."

The scheme for a great building at Geneva, to form the headquarters of the League of Nations, recently took definite shape. The sub-committee of five, including Sir Edward Hilton Young as British representative, decided to adopt the design prepared jointly by M. Henri Paul Nenot, of Paris, and M. Julien Flegenheimer, of Geneva, with the proviso that in the final revision of the plans they should collaborate with Signori Broggi, Vaccaro, and Franzi (of Rome), Signor Vago (of Rome), and M. Lefèvre (of Paris). Out of the designs by 400 architects from fifty-five countries who had competed, nine (including those by the competitors mentioned above) were selected as "finalists," and for each of these nine designs was awarded an equal prize of 12,000 francs. Seven of them are here reproduced. The other two were by M. Nils Einar Eriksson, of Stockholm, and Signori Giuseppe Boni and Adamo Boari, of Rome. Commenting on the winning design, a "Times" critic said: "Extremely simple and well proportioned in the main elevation, it combines the Assembly and the Secretariat into one architectural unit, the more important part of the building being distinguished by a low dome and a colonnade." The design by M. Georges Labro is described as having "the most welcoming character from the recession of the central portion": that of Signor Broggi and his colleagues as being "the most compact, symmetrical, and practically convenient"; and that of Signor Vago as being "one of the most original conceptions."

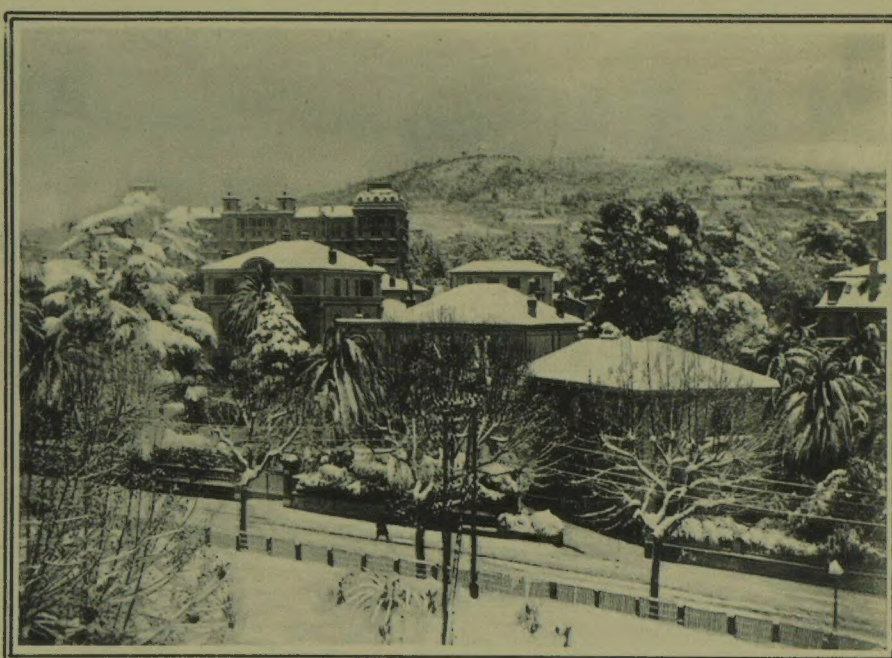


BY AN ITALIAN ARCHITECT SELECTED AS A COLLABORATOR IN THE FINAL PLANS: THE DESIGN BY SIGNOR VAGO, OF ROME, "ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL CONCEPTIONS."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE SCENES RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE FIRST SNOW EXPERIENCED AT CANNES FOR ABOUT FORTY YEARS: AN EXTREMELY UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE GRAND HOTEL.



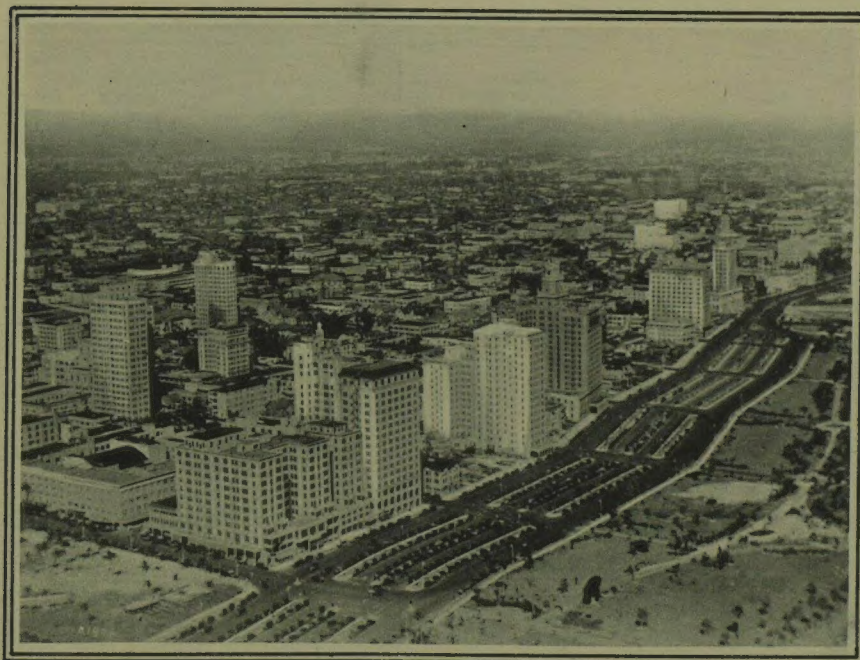
ABNORMAL WEATHER ON THE RIVIERA: A GENERAL VIEW OF CANNES AFTER THE RECENT SNOWFALL, UNPRECEDENTED WITHIN LIVING MEMORY.



THE CURIOUS SIGHT OF PALMS AND OTHER TROPICAL TREES COVERED WITH SNOW, WHICH ON THE GROUND WAS 7 INCHES DEEP: CANNES IN UNACCUSTOMED GARB.



WHERE CROWDS OF VISITORS ENJOYED A CARNIVAL OF SNOWBALL BATTLES UNIQUE FOR THE RIVIERA: A SCENE ON THE CROISSETTE AT CANNES.



MIAMI REBUILT SINCE THE GREAT HURRICANE DEVASTATED FLORIDA: THE NEW BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, CONSTRUCTED AT A COST OF £3,000,000.

The recent snowfall on the Riviera was unprecedented within living memory, and it is said that snow had not been seen in Cannes for some forty years. On December 18 the average depth of snow in the streets there was seven inches, while in neighbouring villages on the hills it reached a depth of two or three feet. The children at Cannes greeted the snow with delight, for the joys of snowballing were entirely new to their experience. The grown-ups, it appears, were equally pleased, for large crowds of visitors and inhabitants took part in snowball battles on the Croisette, in the spirit of carnival.—It will be recalled that Miami, the famous American winter resort, was devastated by a terrific



THE FIRE AT MICHELHAM PRIORY, WHERE THE OLD THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PORTION WAS SAVED: THE DESTROYED WEST WING, OF THE TUDOR PERIOD.

hurricane about a year ago, along with other places in Florida. The rebuilding of the town is now practically complete, and the new Biscayne Boulevard is said to have cost £3,000,000.—The Tudor wing of Michelham Priory, now the home of Mr. R. B. Wright, near the village of Upper Dicker, Sussex, was destroyed by a fire which broke out about 4 a.m. on December 19. Some fine oak panelling was lost, together with valuable furniture, books, and pictures, but fortunately the fire was prevented from reaching the most ancient parts of the building, dating from the thirteenth century. The Priory was founded in 1229, for the Augustinians or Black Canons, by Gilbert de Aquila.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



MISS GLEITZE'S "GIBRALTAR" SWIM: A FEMININE TOUCH—THE GREASED SWIMMER CONSULTING HER HAND-MIRROR.



A CHANNEL SWIMMER'S ENDEAVOUR TO SWIM FROM TANGIER TO GIBRALTAR: MISS GLEITZE HAULED OUT OF THE WATER AT 10.40 AFTER SWIMMING SINCE 2.30 IN THE MORNING.



STARTING ON A HOLIDAY JOURNEY TO BRAZIL: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



THE SCENE OF THE SOLOMON ISLAND MURDERS: THE GOVERNMENT HUT AT SINARANGO, AT WHICH DISTRICT OFFICER BELL AND CADET LILLIES WERE MURDERED BY NATIVES.



THE IMPROVED PRADO MUSEUM, MADRID: THE KING OF SPAIN AND GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA AT THE REOPENING OF THE CENTRAL GALLERY, NOW DEVOTED TO SPANISH PAINTINGS.



THE LATE MR. COURTICE POUNDS, THE FAMOUS SAVOYARD AND SINGER-ACTOR.



THE CREATION OF NOVELTIES FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON: PUTTING MODEL ANIMALS INTO THEIR CRACKERS AT TOM SMITH'S.



THE LATE SIR FREDERIC YOUNG, WAR HEAD OF THE SALVAGE SECTION OF THE ADMIRALTY.

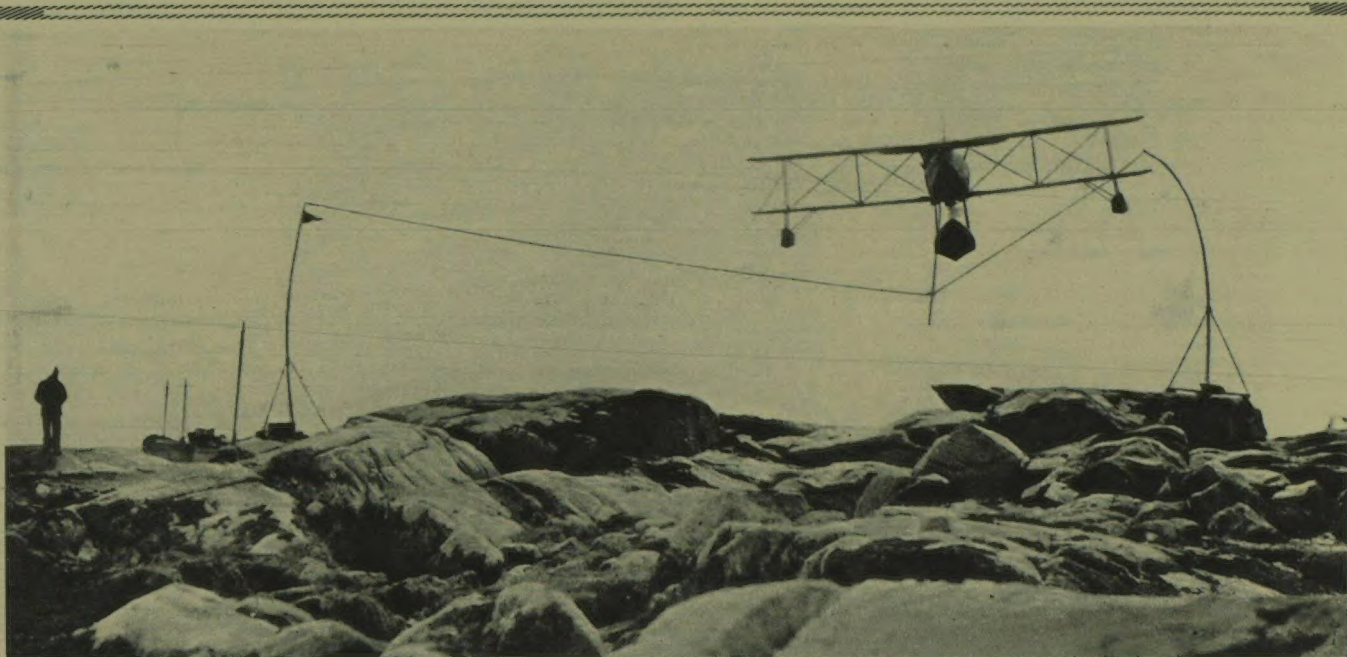
Miss Mercédès Gleitze, the Channel swimmer, left the beach at the mouth of the Jews River, near Tangier, on an attempt to swim to Gibraltar at 2.30 on the morning of December 16. She was half-way across the Straits by 10.40, but had to abandon her attempt soon afterwards.—Mr. Lloyd George and his family were due to arrive at Madeira early this week, *en route* for Brazil. They are, of course, holiday-making.—Full details of the massacre by natives of District Officer Bell, Cadet Lillies, and fifteen native police, on October 4, were given the other day by the Tulagi correspondent of the "Daily Mail," who described the outrage as "the latest atrocity in an epidemic of murders by Solomon Island natives during 1927." The scene of the crime was Sinarango (Diamond Harbour), Malaita, where Mr. Bell and Mr. Lillies were tax-collecting.—On December 12 the King of Spain reopened the Central Gallery of the famous Museum of the

Prado, which had been closed to the public for several years. Great improvements have been made: double the old hanging-space has been found, and danger from fire has been averted. The Central Gallery is now reserved for the works of Spanish painters; and this, of course, has caused certain other alterations.—Mr. Charles Courtice Pounds, the distinguished actor-singer, died on December 21, after an illness of some four months' duration. He was born on May 30, 1862, and his first appearance on the stage was made at the Opéra Comique, in 1881, in the chorus of "Patience." Later he went to the Savoy. There and elsewhere he gained a great reputation in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. In 1901 he joined Beerbohm Tree. This generation will remember him best in "Chu Chin Chow," and as Fränz Schubert in "Lilac Time."—Sir Frederic Young was H.M. Naval Salvage Adviser. He died on December 20, at the age of sixty-nine.

AIRCRAFT IN LIFE-SAVING: LINES CARRIED TO WRECKS BY SEAPLANE.

WRITING in the "Scientific American," to whose courtesy we are indebted for these illustrations, Mr. S. R. Winters says: "Lieut.-Commander C. C. Van Paulsen has perfected a revolutionary method of throwing out rescue lines by aircraft. . . . The line on shore is coiled around a number of upright sticks attached to a wooden frame. The rope is so wound around these sticks as to pay out freely when an airplane is taking the line to a disabled vessel. The end of the life-line is led through clips to the tops of two slender masts, which are planted on the shore, spaced about 200 ft. apart, and landmarked

(Continued below.)



A SEAPLANE PICKING-UP THE LIFE-LINE (STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO POLES) BY MEANS OF A WEIGHTED LINE SUSPENDED FROM THE MACHINE, TO CARRY THE LIFE-LINE TO A SHIP IN DISTRESS: A TEST OF AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER'S INVENTION ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES COASTGUARD SERVICE FOR USE IN LIFE-SAVING FROM WRECKS BY BREECHES-BUOY APPARATUS.



PREVENTING TANGLES IN PAYING-OUT THE LIFE-LINE TO BE CARRIED TO A WRECK BY AEROPLANE: COILING THE LINE ROUND UPRIGHTS ON A FRAME SO THAT IT WILL RUN FREELY.



FIXING THE WEIGHTED "PICK-UP" LINE TO THE UNDERSIDE OF A SEAPLANE: A VIEW SHOWING THE WEIGHT WHICH CATCHES THE LIFE-LINE HELD TAUT BETWEEN POLES.



AFTER THE LIFE-LINE HAD BEEN TAKEN TO THE SHIP BY A SEAPLANE AND USED TO HAUL ABOARD THE HAWSER AND BREECHES-BUOY: A MAN BEING HAULED ASHORE—(ON RIGHT) THE COILING FRAME.



AN OLD METHOD OF LIFE-SAVING RENDERED QUICKER BY THE USE OF AIRCRAFT UNDER FAVOURABLE CONDITIONS: A DEMONSTRATION OF A RESCUED SEAMAN LANDED FROM A WRECK BY BREECHES-BUOY.

Continued.)

by fluttering pennants. The airplane takes off and picks up the rope, which is held taut by the masts. The method is unique, although by no means difficult. A rope is suspended from the craft and a weight attached to the floating end keeps it more or less stationary. By flying low, the rope from the airplane intersects the rope between the poles, and the weight intervenes to prevent it from slipping. The rescue rope, released from the poles, is then carried seaward within reach of the distressed vessel. The pick-up line, once caught on board, performs the function of trailing aboard a hawser, to the end of which is fixed a 'breeches-buoy,' the life-preserver and canvas trousers employed in the time-

honoured method of rescue. This buoy, with simple tackle, is detailed on its life-saving errand, bringing the crew and passengers safely ashore. That the airplane is quicker and more certain than the old method is attested by the fact that, in a recent demonstration, twenty-seven life-lines were shot from a miniature cannon mounted on a Coast-guard cutter before contact was established with a ship on the rocks. Then, too, the record distance covered by a line ejected from such a contraption is 695 yards, while the new method of delivery is said to be capable of carrying a rescue line a mile or more. . . . The Coast-guard is using amphibian aircraft."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON the eve of 1928 I should like to broadcast a New Year greeting, in the name of our "silent friends"—the books of many days—to all those friends, equally silent, and scattered about the world, who may have the felicity to read this page. Sometimes I do feel rather like a Daventry "uncle," addressing a vast and invisible audience, without the stimulus of smiles (or frowns?) on a mass of attentive faces. It is rather thrilling, however, to feel that words written here must have a wider range, and more permanence, than any far-flung radio message, for this paper reaches many a remote corner of the earth, and is never thrown away or used to light the fire, but passes from hand to hand, and often from land to land, until it either perishes of sheer disintegration, or, more probably, is bound into a stout, immortal tome.

At the outset of a new year it may be well to ask my shadowy readers to reflect for a moment on the general purpose of a very general reviewer. Owing to the host of new books always pressing for notice, and to limitations of space, it is seldom possible to go deeply into any single work. My duty is rather to indicate briefly the scope and character of each, and to do it, "according to plan," from a personal point of view, without undue solemnity—in short, to provide a gossip chat about books, rather than austere pontifical pronouncements. I confess to a certain curiosity as to how far the results, during the last two-and-a-half years or so, have met the requirements of readers near or far. Wasn't it old James Forsyte who was always complaining: "Nobody ever tells me anything"? Well, I have a certain sympathy with James in that respect; not to mention one Percy, that "beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

Talking of "silent friends" reminds me that the writer who has made that phrase especially his own has just given us another of his charmingly intimate little books—namely, "ONE QUIET EVENING." By Richard King (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s.). This delightful essayist is himself not least among those "silent friends" whose qualities he has so happily commended, for his easy and kindly philosophising about everyday things and thoughts is essentially companionable. Richard King owes his immense popularity, I think, to a genius for putting into words the musings of the average man and woman on the ordinary affairs of life. He makes his reader feel thoroughly at home, with a sense of perfect sympathy and comprehension. After "the cares that infest the day" (I hardly think Mr. King would scorn Longfellow) "One Quiet Evening" is distinctly sedative.

Though the author's subjects may be called ordinary, they are by no means entirely trivial. Anyone disturbed by the Prayer Book Bill fiasco, for example, might find solace in Mr. King's remarks on the futility of sects and schisms. "To each man his own religion, his own articles of faith or his own unbelief, so long as he tries to make his life the fulfilment of the loveliest of his inner dreams; so long as the world is just a little happier, a little more joyful because he passed through it once, I care so little what faith he professes or does not profess. . . . I like to think that parts of Shakespeare were as divinely inspired as parts of the Bible."

Shakespeare at this point takes his cue and enters with two books under his arm relating to himself—or rather, to the production of his plays for modern audiences. In "PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE." By Harley Granville-Barker. First series (Sidgwick and Jackson; 9s.), a great imaginative producer has revised three of his prefaces contributed to "The Players' Shakespeare"—to wit, "Love's Labour Lost," "Julius Caesar," and "King Lear." This masterly book should be in every theatrical library, and in the hands of everyone concerned with any sort of Shakespearean performance. It is also of deep interest to the general student for its analysis of plots and characters. Still more drastic reforms in the manner of presenting the plays are advocated in "ICONOCLASTS: OR THE FUTURE OF SHAKESPEARE." By Hubert Griffith (Kegan Paul; 2s. 6d.), a volume in that provocative little series, "To-Day and To-Morrow."

The title must not be taken to mean that Shakespeare is an idol to be shattered, for the author's iconoclasm is aimed not at the Bard, whose supremacy he proclaims, but at the "Shakespearean Tradition" of the stage, which,

he contends, obscures the poet's dramatic genius by absurd conventions and slipshod carelessness in production. Mr. Griffith is a strong advocate of the "modern dress" method, as applied to "Hamlet," "Othello," and (less satisfactorily) to "All's Well That Ends Well." Here, however, he is at odds with Mr. Granville-Barker. I wish I had room to state their respective cases, but I must leave readers to make their own comparison. It is well worth making, for there is much to be said on both sides.

From the modern representation of Shakespeare I turn to "A SURVEY OF MODERNIST POETRY." By Laura Riding and Robert Graves (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), and here I find a chapter devoted to "William Shakespeare and E. E. Cummings: A Study in Original Punctuation and Spelling." I admit ignorance of the latter poet's work, but from the specimens in this book I perceive that he needs much elucidation; he uses an idiom of his own which I can even imagine some exasperated Philistine denouncing

On the whole, I

prefer to think that the modernist poets are merely iconoclasts, busily smashing up old graven images in their zeal to establish new and worthier divinities. In any case, I welcome a book that tells us what it is they are at. Mr. Cummings is not the only one interpreted, and the others are less cryptic. They hail both from England and America, and include the Sitwells, T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore, and John Crowe Ransom. How far has modernism affected the academic tradition of our Universities? A partial answer is supplied in a slim little dark-blue volume entitled "OXFORD POETRY, 1927." Edited by W. H. Auden and C. Day-Lewis (Oxford: Blackwell; 3s. 6d.). Here I find an element of rebellion in thought and diction, but for the most part nothing revolutionary in metre or in grammar. Occasionally the meaning is quite simple and humorous, as in Mr. Anthony Thorne's little poem picture, "The Arabian Nights"—

Scheherazade sat

In silken breeches and a high feathered hat,
Talking. And Schah-riar

Lay in post-prandial possession

Of a great couch, with leathery expression
Listening. And there they were.

And while she talked the lamps above

Went out, and wars and famines came.

Cats had kittens; men found fame.

People fell in and out of love.

Occasionally, too, there is a lyrical note which a modernist might call sentimental, as in the "Epitaph by Duke Theseus" of Mr. Wyndham Ketton-Cremer—

Through the drifting leaves

He wandered alone

Murmuring of beauty

With her heart of stone.

But now in spring

Nodding grasses cover

The dust that was

Lunatic, poet, lover.

All which goes to show that, after all, there may be hope even for modern rhyme.

Reviewing poetry is hungry work, and my pangs are intensified by a pair of appetising volumes of culinary interest—"A BOOK OF FOOD." By P. Morton Shand (Cape; 10s. 6d.), and "CAVIARE TO CANDY." Recipes for Small Households from All Parts of the World. By Mrs. Philip Martineau. (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.). While somewhat of a conservative in poetry, I am all for modernism in the kitchen, and Mrs. Martineau deserves gratitude, I think, for providing so many seductive and economical alternatives to the "roast and boiled." Besides a wealth of novelty for the domestic table, she offers hints for cricket and shooting lunches, tennis teas, and kindred festivities.

In her praise of "really good English cooking," Mrs. Martineau is not at one with Mr. Morton Shand, but her qualifying epithet virtually supports his contention that the average English cook has much to learn. Mr. Shand's work is "in no sense a cookery-book," for it contains no recipes; but his studies in the dietary of many countries will be no less valuable on that account. Particularly apt are his remarks on the importance of cookery to domestic bliss, and his advice to those about to marry—"Look after the belly and the heart will look after itself."

An army, it has been said, fights on its stomach, and doubtless the same is true of a navy. I recall that a large illustration, given recently in these pages, of the great new battle-ship H.M.S. *Nelson*, with particulars of her stores, included a vast quantity of comestibles. What it must cost to feed the fleets of the world! Any statistician desiring to work out the sum, from the number of war-ships afloat and the strength of their crews, would seek those details in the latest edition of "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS, 1927." Edited by Oscar Parkes and Francis E. McMurtrie. With over 3000 Photographs and other Illustrations (Sampson Low; 42s.).

This famous naval work of reference was founded in 1897 by Mr. Fred T. Jane, and is now in its thirty-first year of issue. It is the acknowledged standard authority on its subject, and can claim to be "the only complete and authentic encyclopædia" of the Navies of all nations. In the coming year, with the question of naval disarmament so near in the offing, and the world keeping a watchful eye on Uncle Sam's maritime ambitions, the new "Jane" is bound to be more than ever indispensable. I may add that I have had occasion to consult this work, off and on, during the last twenty years, and have never done so in vain.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any contributions being unsuitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, pass the material to our own distributing agency, in order that it may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London W.C.2.

as idiotic. I do not associate myself with such an opinion, for evidently there is a method in this apparent madness, but the method does not appeal to me. At the same time, having regard to latter-day tendencies in all the arts, I cannot repress an uneasy suspicion that there might be some truth in the recent deduction of a French statistician, that our own nation is gradually drifting towards general lunacy. It may be that all mankind must look forward to—

... some far-off, divine asylum,
To which the whole creation moves.

In poetry there are two things I want; one is that it should convey a meaning, independent of research or the application of a formula; the other is that it should help me to live—should be (as Matthew Arnold put it) "a criticism of life." I have a weakness for a meaning; I enjoy a meaning, as their Graces of Plaza-Toro enjoyed an interment, and not buried too deep; but in some modernist work I cannot find one. Nor do I subscribe to that worship of the unintelligible whose votaries believe—

If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!

PAPER FANTASIES BY HANS ANDERSEN: SILHOUETTE "FAIRY TALES."

REPRODUCED FROM "HANS ANDERSEN THE MAN." BY ELITH REUMERT. TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY JESSIE BRÖCHNER.
(BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. METHUEN.)



A GRIM PHASE OF HANS ANDERSEN'S FERTILE IMAGINATION: A SPECIMEN OF HIS WELL-KNOWN PAPER FIGURES, DATED JULY 30, 1856.



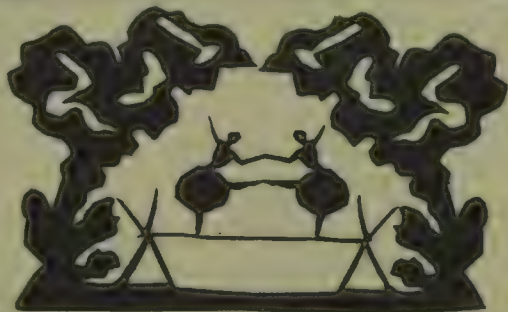
HANS ANDERSEN'S PROLIFIC FANCY EXPRESSED IN PAPER "FRETWORK": AN INTRICATE EXAMPLE OF HIS SKILL WITH THE SCISSORS.



A HANS ANDERSEN FAIRY TALE TOLD WITH PAPER AND SCISSORS: TREES, DANCERS, SWANS, AND A STORK.



"ALL HIS LIFE THE BIGGEST CONSUMER (OF PAPER) AMONG DANISH POETS": HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN IN OLD AGE, IN HIS ROOM AT NYHAVN.



TIGHT-ROPE DANCERS CUT IN PAPER BY HANS ANDERSEN: AN ART HE PRACTISED AS A CHILD, LOOTING HIS MOTHER'S RAG-BAG FOR MATERIAL.



ACROBATIC DANCERS, A CHIMNEY-SWEEP AND A BALLOONIST: FIGURES FROM HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY WORLD VIVACIOUSLY PORTRAYED BY HIM IN PAPER SILHOUETTE.

HANS ANDERSEN'S fairy tales are known all over the world, but not so much is known in this country about their author. Very welcome, therefore, is the English version of the charming biography (named above) by a well-known

abroad the children simply clung to him. In all the families in Copenhagen where he was a frequent guest he always visited the nursery. He could sit there for hours, telling fairy tales and cutting out his well-known paper figures, *dansesuses* and pierrots, windmills and storks."

And again: "Andersen's prolific imagination also showed itself in the many gifts he possessed—especially in his well-known talent for cutting paper figures, a gift he had already practised as a child, when he chose the best and gaudiest pieces from his mother's stock of rags in order to cut and sew clothes for his dolls' theatre. Later these rags, the transition process of which he described in the merry, pretty fairy tale, 'The Rags,' became the paper of which he all his life was the biggest consumer among Danish poets. One forgets one's surprise at the astounding ease with which his huge hands manipulated the small-pointed scissors, in order to admire the *baroque* pictures and figures he must have seen before his inner eye at the time."



A MYSTICAL PHASE OF HANS ANDERSEN'S IMAGINATION: AN EXAMPLE OF HIS SILHOUETTE GROUPS CUT OUT IN PAPER.



CONTAINING THE NAME "MARIE" (HERE SHOWN VERTICALLY) IN THE CENTRE: A PAPER PATTERN OF DELICATE DESIGN CUT BY HANS ANDERSEN.



ANOTHER FAIRY TALE TOLD BY HANS ANDERSEN IN PAPER: A MAGIC TREE AND A SURPRISED MORTAL.

Danish writer, from which our illustrations are taken. Hans Andersen's own life was a fairy tale, for he rose from the humblest beginnings (his father was a poor shoemaker) to be the most celebrated man in Denmark and a writer of cosmopolitan fame. The book includes a description of a visit to him, not long before his death (1875), by Sir Edmund Gosse, who says: "The face of Hans Andersen was a peasant's face, and a long lifetime of sensibility and culture had not removed from it the stamp of the soil. But it was astonishing how quickly the first impression subsided, while the sense of his great inward distinction took its place. He had but to speak, almost but to smile, and the man of genius stood revealed." Regarding his hobby illustrated here, the author (M. Reumert) writes: "Both at home and

ROMAN WORSHIP IN HIGHLANDS: A TEMPLE TO ALPINE GODS DISCOVERED.



A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY NEAR ALMENDINGEN, IN SWITZERLAND: VOTIVE OFFERINGS AT A ROMAN TEMPLE DEDICATED TO ALPINE DIVINITIES—A LION-HEAD AND A VASE.

THESE relics of a Roman temple to Alpine divinities afford an interesting contrast to a discovery recently made in a very different type of country—the lowlands of Essex—which we illustrate on page 1189. Mme. Hugli-Camp, who sends us the above photographs, writes: "In April of last year, a farmer, ploughing near Almendingen, on the Lake of Thun, in Switzerland, struck his ploughshare against a stone beneath the surface. Investigation showed that he had broken the corner off an ancient Roman altar, which was otherwise considerably damaged. In

[Continued in Box 2.]



CONNECTED WITH ABLUTIONS IN THE WORSHIP OF ATTIS KYBELE: A LITTLE MODEL OF A CLAY BATH-TUB (RIGHT); AND A BAS-RELIEF OF A CELTIC FAMILY—VOTIVE OFFERINGS.



VOTIVE OFFERINGS IN GRATITUDE FOR SAFE PASSAGE OF THE ALPS: GOLD-LEAF ORNAMENTS.

getting the pieces out of the ground, further fragments of Carrara marble were discovered which, when fitted together, formed the statuette of a Roman goddess of plenty, holding an enormous ear of wheat and leaning on what looks like a rudder. These discoveries led to further investigation under the expert supervision of Professor O. Tschumi, the eminent Swiss archaeologist, with the result that various votive offerings were brought to light and classified. With the altar, a collection of paving stones, a statuette, miniature bath-tub, dog, lion's

[Cont in Box 3.]

head, bronze Venus head, gold-leaf motive, and bas-relief of a Celtic family, Professor Tschumi has evolved a theory which he offers with the usual reservations of the experienced archaeologist. The Romans referred to the Swiss snow mountains as 'The Wall of the Alps.' Crossing the Alps was a dangerous, wearisome feat, and the Gallo-Roman temperament forced those travellers who accomplished it to express their immediate

gratitude for their safety by votive offerings. Some time ago remains of a tiny Roman chapel were found near Almendingen,

[Continued below.]



A ROMAN COUNTERPART OF THE LIFE-SAVING ST. BERNARDS? A FIGURE OF A DOG AMONG ALPINE OFFERINGS; AND A STATUETTE.



DISCOVERED THROUGH BEING STRUCK BY A FARMER'S PLOUGH: A ROMAN ALTAR INSCRIBED IN DEDICATION "TO THE ALPS FROM OFFERINGS OF THE LAKE REGION."



FOUND IN FRAGMENTS (SINCE PIECED TOGETHER) WITH THE ALTAR: A MARBLE STATUETTE OF A ROMAN GODDESS OF PLENTY, HOLDING A LARGE EAR OF CORN.



A BRONZE HEAD OF VENUS: ONE OF THE REMARKABLE RELICS OF ROMAN WORSHIP AT A SHRINE ASSOCIATED WITH ALPINE DIVINITIES.

[Continued.]

and so far six of these have been discovered. Professor Tschumi's theory is that here stood a great central temple housing a collection of Asiatic and Roman gods, to whom votive thank-offerings were brought—a temple approached through a series of chapels like the 'stations' leading to some Catholic churches to-day. This theory seems very plausible in the face of these recent finds. The inscription on the altar reads: 'Alpibus ex Stipe Reg[ionis] Lind[ensis], meaning that 'To the Alpine divinities this altar was raised by donations from dwellers in the lake region,' and the altar itself evidently stood in the open, in a paved courtyard. The back of the creamy statuette is not so carefully finished as the

front, so it is supposed that it stood in a niche of its own inside the temple. The tiny clay bath-tub refers to the ablutions which were customary in the worship of Attis Kybele, one of the Asiatic goddesses presumably also housed within the temple. Wonder has been expressed that none of the stones of the temple itself, other than a few fragments of carving, have been found. But it is a well-known fact that most of the houses and churches of the Middle Ages in Switzerland were built with the squared stones from Roman ruins in the country. The foundation stones must still be in the earth at Almendingen; but Professor Tschumi's committee has been obliged to suspend operations for lack of funds."

ROMAN WORSHIP IN LOWLANDS: AN ESSEX TEMPLE "RECONSTRUCTED."

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, BASED ON ACCURATE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DATA. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ONE OF THE EARLIEST IN ENGLAND: A NEWLY FOUND THIRD-CENTURY ROMAN TEMPLE—AN OPEN-AIR SACRIFICE.

A discovery of great importance was made recently at Harlow, in Essex, by Mr. Miller Christy, of the East Anglian Archæological Society, and Dr. Mortimer Wheeler, of the London Museum. The district abounds in evidences of Roman occupation, and it was expected that an earthwork known as the Mound would reveal remains of a fort. Excavations, however, disclosed instead the foundations of one of the earliest Roman temples ever found in this country, of which there are only seven or eight known examples. The site also yielded many interesting relics, including bones of animals probably used for sacrifice, a human jaw-bone, Roman and British coins, including one of Cunobeline (father of

Caractacus, and sometimes identified with Shakespeare's Cymbeline), Roman sickles, weapons and brooches, oyster-shells, bricks, and tile fragments of a Roman tessellated pavement. The temple at Harlow was probably in use during the third and fourth centuries A.D. The foundations show that the building consisted of a *cella* 19 ft. square, with walls 3 ft. thick, surrounded by a peristyle 13 ft. wide (including the walls). In front was a level platform (44 ft.) on which stood an altar for open-air sacrifices. Mr. Forestier's drawing, which is archæologically correct, represents the temple as it was in Roman times, with a ceremony in progress.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

KANGAROOS—AND KINDRED PUZZLES OF NATURE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

KANGAROOS have lately been holding my attention, and, as I write, I find myself filled with envy, wishing that I were a kangaroo, that I might, after a similar fashion, keep myself warm by taking prodigious leaps over the cold ground, and at the same time making the minimum contact possible with its frozen surface! Most of us, I venture to think, have exhausted our interest in the kangaroo after the first thrill of wonderment at its strange mode of locomotion. When quietly feeding, or moving at leisure, it progresses after a fashion recalling that of the "looper-caterpillar." Resting its fore-legs on the ground, and thrusting its hind-legs, "flat-footed," forwards on either side, it uses its enormous tail as a lever to lift the body and drive it forwards. Presently, however, it makes a most surprising change. For it will suddenly start bounding forwards on its hind-legs as though they were steel springs, covering yards at a bound, and with a speed that will outpace a galloping horse. We all of us see this much, and most of us are content with the comment—or its equivalent—"Well, I never!" If there is any re-echo of our astonishment, it spends itself in the comment that "Nature made it so!" Yet if that were the title of a novel, everyone would want to read it: each with a vague anticipation of what should be found within the covers of that book!

But the story of "How the kangaroo got his tail"—and legs—has yet to be written. And I make this statement deliberately, well knowing that Mr. Rudyard Kipling enlarged upon this very theme many years ago. Nevertheless, in spite of the might of his authority, in spite of the alluring way in which he placed his interpretation before us, the writers of text-books of zoology and those who concern themselves with theories of evolution look askance at his version. While I say frankly that his ready explanation does not convince me, I confess that I wish I could tell my story in the same delightful way. Alas! the Enchanter's wand is not for my use, and my pen will do no more than set down plain, matter-of-fact statements.

We shall make little of the marvellous body of the kangaroo so long as we contemplate it as a kangaroo. But directly we come to compare it with, say, a horse, a greyhound, or a whale, we shall see it in a new light. Each and all of these creatures are built for speed, and they have attained to this by very different means. To appreciate their resultant peculiarities we ought to make ourselves familiar with the ancestor of all the mammals—a sluggish, four-legged creature, crawling, like the serpent, on its belly. From that stage to these "racers" is a long story. We must be content with a sort of "adumbration" of their beginnings, and compare them as we find them to-day.

The horse has become the most intensively modified of these four types, since but two fingers and two toes remain of the original five on each foot with which his ancestors started. His "knee" is really his wrist; his true knee is found in the "stifle-joint," while his heel is the hock, now lifted far above the

ground. I should like to say something of the agencies which have brought about the differences between horse and greyhound, but I must pass to the whales. These, both large and small, are the descendants of four-footed land-dwellers. To-day, of their original four limbs but two remain, in the form of the "flippers"; and locomotion is performed solely by means of the tail, which has developed huge "flukes" at its tip—here, indeed, is a case of the "tail which wagged the dog."

This matter of the tail brings us back to the kangaroo. When the animal is slowly walking, as I have already remarked, it is used as a sort of fifth leg, to drive the hind-quarters forwards; but when in full career, it is held well off the ground. It is, however, the hind-legs, rather than the tail, which make the kangaroo so remarkable among mammals. Sir Joseph Banks was, I believe, one of the first Europeans to see living kangaroos bounding over the ground in their native wilds; and one can well understand his amazement, and the inability he expressed to describe this strange animal adequately. And yet, had he but known it, there were other animals much nearer home which presented precisely similar peculiarities in this matter of the hind-limbs. I allude, of course, to the jerboa—and there are yet others to which I cannot now refer. The jerboa, indeed, is even more specialised than the kangaroo, since the fore-

legs in this little animal are, relatively, still further reduced in size.

There is, however, one peculiarity about the hind-leg of the kangaroo which few people, probably, have noticed. This concerns the reduction of the toes. In the left-hand top photograph (Fig. 1), the hind-feet of two kangaroos are shown. Herein the large, central, fourth toe seems to be flanked on either side by a much smaller toe, one of which seems to bear two claws. As a matter of fact, the skeleton shows that the two claws represent two separate toes included within a common investment of skin.

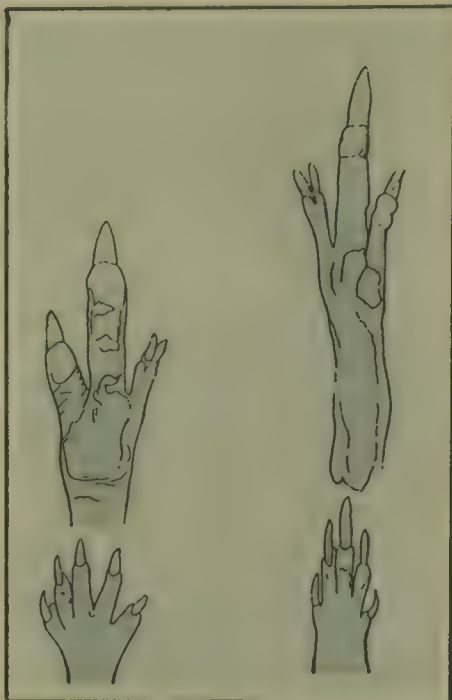


FIG. 1.—ONE OF THE PUZZLES OF NATURAL HISTORY: TWO TOES COMBINED INTO ONE DOUBLE-CLAWED TOE, BESIDE THE LARGE CENTRAL TOE IN THE HIND-FEET OF THE KANGAROO (RIGHT) AND RAT-TAILED KANGAROO (LEFT).

The typical Kangaroos, and the smaller "Rat-tailed" Kangaroos, have precisely similar hind-feet, though they lead very different lives. One species of Rat-tailed Kangaroo (left) is nocturnal, and lives in burrows 10 ft. deep. Yet this changed habit has induced no structural change in the skeleton.



FIG. 2.—"A LIVING PARACHUTE" THAT BAFFLES EXPLANATION: THE SQUIRREL FLYING-PHALANGER, WHOSE TAIL IS NOT PREHENSILE, ALTHOUGH IT LIVES IN TREES.

The Squirrel Flying-Phalanger is now very rare, and little is known of its habits; but there are still several other species of this flying type. This curious development of a "parachute" is met with again in *Galeopithecus*, one of the Lemurs, a group not even remotely related.

This is a very remarkable arrangement, and it has evidently nothing to do with the peculiar mode of locomotion of the kangaroo, since precisely similar toes are found in other marsupials whose mode of life and locomotion are very different. We have, indeed, in this singular feature, one of those exasperating puzzles so frequently met with in the study of Natural History. There ought to be an explanation—but at present there isn't!

The tree-kangaroo and the flying-phalangers are other "traps for the unwary," reminding all whom it may concern to walk warily in the search for material for theories of evolution! Who would have had the temerity to postulate the existence of kangaroos which climbed trees? The adjoining photograph (Fig. 3) of a specimen lately added to the "Zoo" will show that such creatures exist. Moreover, several distinct species are known, ranging through New Guinea to Queensland. The hind-limbs, it will be noted, are shorter than in the typical kangaroos, but they display no special modifications to adapt them to the uses of climbing trees. How and when and why did they come to adopt so strange a mode of life? And why should Doria's kangaroo, of New Guinea, differ from all the others in having the hair of the back directed forwards instead of backwards?

As touching the phalangers, which the white settlers call "opossums," we are confronted once more with contrarieness. All live in trees. One of the commonest looks very like a small grey fox with an unusually long tail, which, be it noted, is prehensile; otherwise, there is nothing about them which would suggest that they were tree-dwellers. Since they contrive to lead this arboreal existence so easily, why should other species have developed a broad fold of skin between the fore- and hind-limbs, so as to convert the body into a living parachute? And, again, while some of these have prehensile tails, others have not—as, for instance, the one seen in the top right-hand photograph (Fig. 2).

What was the agency which brought about the development of the fold of skin enabling flying leaps to be taken through the air? More intensive study of these phalangers, and of the strange tree-kangaroo, might well lead to discoveries of profound importance as to the agencies which have brought about these strange anomalies.



FIG. 3.—A CREATURE WHOSE ARBOREAL HABITS ARE A MYSTERY: THE URSINE TREE-KANGAROO—A NEW SPECIMEN LATELY ADDED TO THE "ZOO."

The Ursine Tree-Kangaroo, a native of New Guinea, is about 4 ft. in length, including the tail. Like its near relations, it spends most of its life in trees, feeding upon the leaves, fruit, and bark. But little is known of its habits. It is said to climb laboriously, but its hold on the branches is very secure. The tail is pressed against the tree-trunk as an additional support.

Photograph by F. W. Bond

A "BROOKLANDS" 200 FT. ABOVE GROUND: A ROOF TRACK FOR CARS.



WHERE FINISHED CHASSIS EMERGE (FROM THE BUILDING SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH A GROUP OF CARS OUTSIDE), AND ARE QUICKLY FITTED WITH BODIES, SUPPLIED WITH PETROL, AND TAKEN OUT FOR A TRIAL RUN: THE TESTING TRACK ON THE ROOF OF THE FIAT FACTORY AT TURIN.



SLOPING LIKE THE BANKS AT BROOKLANDS: CORNERS AT ONE END OF THE TRACK ON THE ROOF OF THE FIAT FACTORY AT TURIN, BUILT FOR TESTING NEW CARS AND HOLDING SECRET TRIALS, AND ACCESSIBLE BY A SPIRAL ROAD ASCENDING THROUGH THE BUILDING DIRECT FROM THE GROUND TO THE ROOF.

On the roof of the Fiat factory at Turin, nearly 200 feet above street level, is a motor-car track, banked in places after the manner of Brooklands, where cars can attain a speed of eighty miles an hour. Cars can ascend to the roof by a spiral road leading up direct from the ground, and return by a similar road winding in the opposite direction. The roof track is mainly used for testing purposes, but from time to time secret trials are held there by leading Italian racing motorists. The track was built to avoid such trials being seen by the public, and admittance

can only be obtained after strict investigation. Visitors can be driven over the whole building, from the ground floor to the roof track, traversing each of the six floors, and returning to the ground without leaving their seats. The spiral road has room for two cars abreast, and a raised path for pedestrians. As the finished vehicles emerge on to the roof track, from a building beside it, bodies are rapidly lowered on to them; they are automatically supplied with petrol, oil, and water; and within a minute they are out on the track undergoing tests.

Manna—a Mystery of the Desert.

By "XENOPHON."

THE Sinai Peninsula, although comparatively unknown to the general, has been crossed by many an explorer. Its geology, its flora, its fauna, have been studied from all angles. The reason for its attraction is obvious. At some unknown point in it a number of the most historic events

of Jerusalem made a fairly long sojourn in the desert, observing the formation of manna in the several places where that process can be seen, consulting the Bedouins on the spot as to the time and manner of the collection of manna and the quantity obtained. Twenty-five days were spent

in the desert, and many hours were devoted to watching manna and its formation under all sorts of atmospheric conditions. It has long been held that the manna of the tamarisk is the manna of the Bible; but few knew anything

the route crossed by the expedition, thus confirming the statements of geographers of last century, who traced throughout the Syrian and Mesopotamian plateaux a substance very similar to the one now described.

That, in brief, is the very reserved statement published by the University: the publication of the full details must be awaited before one forms an estimate of the results achieved. We have yet to learn the food value of manna, and its precise chemical composition, and to be given an accurate note of the annual crop—points which will, no doubt, be embodied in the general report of the expedition. It may be said, however, that the little which has been divulged tends to prove that we are on the way to a thorough knowledge of that food which was once deemed miraculous, but has long been used by the Arabs in a medicinal preparation.



NEAR THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE MOUNT OF MOSES: THE APPROACH TO MOUNT MUSA.

in the history of civilisation took place, or are believed to have taken place—the delivery of the law by Moses, the passage of the insurgent Israelites, and so on. Yet, despite the investigations, the Peninsula remains in many of its aspects a closed book to the majority. We know that the first monotheistic religion was proclaimed from the summit of one of its peaks; but where precisely is that peak? We know that a strange food was eaten by the ancient population—the manna which is said to have sustained hundreds of thousands of Israelites for forty years. But what was that manna? We know very little about it, although it is true that we can consult the Bible for some elucidation of the riddle. We are told that manna was gathered every morning, save on the Sabbath, in the shape of a "small round thing, as small as the hoarfrost on the ground"; and the House of Israel called the name thereof Manna, and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey."

A somewhat vague account this, but an account which has formed the basis for numerous attempts to explain and define manna. Early in the nineteenth century scholars and naturalists began seriously to ask themselves whether the substance of manna would ever be identified with certainty. Then the learned explorer Burckhardt—more renowned for his geographical than for his botanical work—observed in the Jordan Valley, lying on the leaves of a tree like a poplar, matter, resembling a gum, which was of a brown or greyish colour and dropped to the ground. Speculative suggestions have since been advanced by one scholar after another, more to satisfy curiosity than with any desire to solve a food problem of the past and of the present. Truly, the subject is fascinating enough: there is the human aspect of the affair, as well as a chemical aspect of tremendous interest to science and to civilisation. These two aspects, indeed, may be interdependent, for the chemical composition of the food may prove its identity, as well as throw a light upon the question of the nourishment of the present population of the Sinai Peninsula, and, consequently, upon that of many other desert populations, whose food has always been different from that of the more settled communities in towns. Therefore, an expedition from the Hebrew University

about the secretion from the tree. The expedition in question found that manna is a secretion of small "occidæ" insects—mealy bugs and scale insects—which exude from their bodies a very clear juice which falls to the ground in drops. The quantity of these secretions depends very largely upon atmospheric conditions and upon the conditions under which the insects obtain their nourishment when laying their eggs. In some cases, when conditions were very favourable, the drops that fell upon the ground hardened and lay like white sugar-grains of varied length—sometimes very small, often as big as lentils. There are, therefore, poor seasons and good seasons. Some twelve years ago, the Bedouins of the desert had such an excellent season that one man



IN THE LAND OF MANNA: NEBI SALIH—A MOSLEM SHRINE.

So this is manna—a typical food of a desert which could never produce anything settled. Haphazard and uncertain, nomad and in a state of hesitancy like the wandering people who have been consuming it for generations—it depended more on the whim of Allah, on the good favour of the elements, than on any settled condition of nature or on any hard-and-fast rules of the flora. In fact, further scientific investigations may reveal still more about it: its medical value, its uses in industry, the part it plays in the life of the desert. For the rest, it must be remarked that, of course, manna may never have been—and certainly is not to-day—the only food of the Bedouins; but it is not too much to assume that it represented in the past, as it does to-day, a substantial portion of an otherwise meagre food-supply. And while all the other nutriment of the Bedouins and their flocks is derived from man-controlled processes and the primitive bartering of cattle for cereals, manna is a "divine" presentation. If "Der Mensch ist was er isst" be a truism, the very fact that the desert man's sustenance was provided, as it were, by Allah, without effort of any kind on the recipient's part, was not without its bearing upon his fatalistic outlook on life, upon his "Dolce far niente," which, in turn, was responsible for the creation of Moham-medanism, one of the three monotheistic religions.



IN THE SINAI PENINSULA: A SCENE IN THE DESERT AT TIH.

could gather as much as 1½ kilograms in a day. Traces of manna were found in practically every section of

Reproduced by Courtesy of
Mr. G. D. Whiteman.

A Nine-fold Greeting: A Chinese New-Year Card.

The God of
Longevity; and the
Eight Immortals.



HO HSIEN KU, WHO IS ALWAYS REPRESENTED AS A
WOMAN, WITH HER CHARACTERISTIC LADLE AND PEACH;
AND HAN HSIANG TZÜ (WITH FLUTE).

A READER of "The Illustrated London News"
has sent us a Chinese New-Year Greeting he
received recently from one of the leaders of the Buddhist
community in Peking. The figures that go to the
making of this are here reproduced. They represent
the God of Longevity and the Eight Immortals. An
expert to whom the card was shown stated that he
had never before seen the figures used in this way.
Our contributor adds a personal note which we may,

[Continued opposite.]



CHANG KUO, WITH FISH-SKIN-HEADED DRUM AND TWO
CASTANETS MADE OF STRIPS OF BAMBOO; AND LÜ
TUNG-PIN (WITH SWORD SLUNG ACROSS HIS BACK).

perhaps, be pardoned for quoting: "The few people
to whom I have shown them," he writes, "have been
so struck with this nine-fold expression of a seasonable
wish that it occurred to me that you might think it
worth while to reproduce them. If so, you are very
welcome to do so in some slight recognition of all that
'The Illustrated London News' has done for us in
showing us the wonderful discoveries made by the
archæologists in recent times."



SHOU HSING—
THE GOD OF
LONGEVITY.



CHUNG-LI CH'ÜAN (WITH FAN) AND TS'AO KUO-CHIU
(WITH CASTANETS), TWO OF THE EIGHT IMMORTALS
ACCOMPANYING THE GOD OF LONGEVITY ON THE CARD.



LAN TS'AI-HO, DEPICTED IN THIS CASE AS A WOMAN
WITH PEACHES IN A BASKET; AND LI T'IEH-KUAI, A
BEGGAR WITH A PEACH (THE SYMBOL OF IMMORTALITY).

One of the Most Beautiful Women in History.

REPRODUCED BY AGREEMENT WITH "APOLLO."



QUEEN NEFERTITI, MOTHER-IN-LAW OF TUTANKHAMEN.

This remarkable head of an ancient Egyptian Queen was found in the ruins of Tell-el-Amarna and is now in the Berlin Museum. We have illustrated it before, as our readers will be aware, but we give this new colour picture of it for the reason that it is once more much discussed. For a considerable time past, it has been known that the Egyptian Government desires the return of the work, arguing that the German Orient Society took it to Germany unlawfully. On the other hand, to quote the "Observer": "Germany claims Nefertiti as her rightful treasure trove. Dr. Borchart, one of Germany's leading archaeologists, worked under the same conditions as other foreign

excavators before the war. Half the discoveries became the property of the Egyptian Government; the other half were the property of the society which discovered them. There appears to have been no hard-and-fast rule for permission to export any particular treasure found under such circumstances." Queen Nefertiti was the daughter of an Egyptian noble named Ay, and wife of the "heretic" Pharaoh, Akhenaton, one of whose daughters married Tutankhamen, his successor. Akhenaton founded a new religion and built a new capital, at Tell-el-Amarna. Nefertiti died about 3500 years ago. A reduced reproduction of the head was presented to the British Museum in 1924.

One of the Ugliest Women in History.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY QUENTIN MATSYS: REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF ITS OWNER, MR. HUGH BLAKER.



MATSYS'S PORTRAIT OF "THE UGLY DUCHESS": MARGARET OF CARINTHIA AND TYROL.

The Duchess Margaret of Carinthia and Tyrol, who was born in 1318, has the distinction of having been called "The Ugliest Woman in History," and of having provided the model for Tenniel's Duchess for "Alice in Wonderland." Further: interest has been renewed in her at the moment by the publication of Feuchtwanger's latest book, "The Ugly Duchess," which deals with her and her times. Therefore, we give this presentation of her as she is seen in the very fine portrait by Quentin Matsys which is owned by Mr. Hugh Blaker. To which it

may be added that her nickname was "Maultasche," usually rendered as "Pocket-mouthed Meg," but, as we have pointed out before, "probably derived from an incident which was fated to have the most far-reaching results in the storied history of her country. In the vernacular of her time, *Maultasche* meant a box on the ear, and it was such a blow inflicted on her by one of her Wittelsbach cousins in the course of a youthful squabble that, more than thirty years later, caused the Duchess to disinherit these self-same Bavarian kinsmen."



Painted by J. G. Jones

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“THE NIGHTCAP.”

Whatever the day may hold of hopes and fears, there is
always a kindly prologue to night-time's sweet forgetfulness.
Most men know how worthy a part is played in that by —

DEWAR'S

THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN FERGUSSON IN THE SUDAN: LOCAL TYPES.

Drawings, Made during a Visit to the District, by Raoul Millais. (Copyrighted.)



WITH A HEAD-DRESS LIKE A MATTED PANCAKE: A SHILLUK FROM THE UPPER NILE.



WITH FOUR SPIKY TUFTS ON HIS PATCH OF HAIR: A NIAM-NIAM TRIBESMAN.



WEARING HIS OFFICIAL HAT WITH BADGE AND PLUME: A DINKA POLICE CORPORAL.



CLOSE-CROPPED AND LOOKING ALMOST BALD: A TYPICAL DINKA OF THE UPPER NILE.



AN IMPROVISED BULL-FIGHT AMONG NATIVES OF THE LATE CAPTAIN FERGUSSON'S PROVINCE, THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL: DINKA BOYS TEASING A BULL—THE "MATADOR" ELUDES A CHARGE.



AMONG THE DINKAS, WHOSE STOLEN CATTLE CAPTAIN FERGUSSON WAS CAUSING NUER THIEVES TO RESTORE WHEN MEN OF THE LATTER TRIBE KILLED HIM: A DINKA CATTLE ENCAMPMENT.



A MEMBER OF THE TRIBE WHICH IS GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN FERGUSSON: A TYPICAL NUER.



REMARKABLE FOR A VERY PROGNATHOUS CHIN: A TYPE OF THE NIAM-NIAM TRIBE IN THE SUDANESE PROVINCE OF BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.



A COMPATRIOT OF THE SUDAN TRIBESMEN WHO MURDERED CAPTAIN FERGUSSON: ANOTHER TYPICAL NUER.

Official news came from Khartum, on December 16, that Captain V. H. Fergusson, District Commissioner of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, and a Greek merchant had been murdered by Nuers near Lake Gorr, north of Shambe. "The murder," it was stated, "occurred while cattle taken by the Nuers from the Dinkas were being restored to their owners. The murderers are followers of Chief Garaluark of the Nuong tribe." Three years ago there was a fight with Garaluark's men, who suffered heavy losses and surrendered, but afterwards Captain Fergusson reinstated him as chief, and his conduct had since been exemplary. A fuller account of the murder, issued on December 17, said: "Captain Fergusson arrived by steamer in the course of ordinary administrative duties, and arranged to meet the Nuer chiefs at a post 400 yards inland. . . . Captain Fergusson was

discussing business with a Greek merchant when he was suddenly attacked by a Nuer youth, who threw a spear. The weapon hardly penetrated, and Captain Fergusson threw it back. He was then stabbed by other Nuers and killed on the spot. The Greek merchant, a M. Panlatopoulos, was stabbed while rushing towards Captain Fergusson. Several servants and carriers and two Arab merchants also were killed. . . . There had been no reason to suspect treachery. No grievances were known, and there had been no warning of trouble. Captain Fergusson had been stationed among the Nuong Nuers since 1921, and had been conspicuously successful in gaining the confidence of this backward and turbulent tribe." These tribes are much influenced by witch-doctors, and are liable to sudden gusts of passion. There is fierce rivalry among them, and cattle raids are frequent.

SAMUEL AMONG THE REDSKINS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE NARRATIVE OF SAMUEL HANCOCK."*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. GEORGE G. HARRAP AND CO.)

IN the Narrative of the plucky and prudent pioneer Samuel Hancock, the Virginian, now published for the first time, nothing is more arresting than the casual manner in which that erstwhile cattle-driver and Armed Man of the Oregon Trail dismisses the Red Indians, whooping and hostile or furtive and friendly. Sioux, Crows, Snohomishs, Snoqualmies, Lummys, Duwamishs, Puyallups, Nisquallys, Aheosites and the rest were no mere Fenimore Cooper figures to him or to his fellow emigrants, no

Indians to avenge his death, and in the morning we interred his body as decently as possible, and shedding a tear over the grave of one of our little community, we left the encampment and resumed our journey."

Always the Indians were hovering about the wagons, like vultures awaiting Death, creating "considerable bustle" especially and naturally amongst the women and children; but always "we . . . resumed our journey"—until, at long last, Oregon

and Portland and Oregon City, with its "six small houses and a saw mill," a settlement notably hospitable when compared with Fort Vancouver, of which Hancock complains plaintively: "To say the least there was a degree of Illiberality manifested by these traders, which it was very unpleasant for the poor emigrants to encounter, after all the difficulties of reaching the country."

There had, in very truth, been difficulties, quite apart from those due to the Indians. The trail was long, beaten by the rain,

clouded by choking dust, strewn in part with bruising boulders; often waterless; haunted by the spectre of sickness; made eerie by the howls of those "traveling musicians" the wolves; made perilous by the rush of stampeding buffaloes; cut by waters which had to be crossed in craft hastily built or on the specially contrived floating wagon-beds. Yet, despite it all, Hancock "felt a great desire to travel still more." He wanted to be able to say, with the natives, "Highas close Illihes"—"Here is good land"—and still more he wanted to try his luck at trade and on the newly-discovered Californian gold-fields.

The diggings did not prove his El Dorado, though he knew the Midas-feel of dust; but, needless to say, experiences were his—and he remained as calm as he was when, informed by an Indian that his kinsmen were going to kill him, he had to confess "it made some impression on my mind." As they went up the Willamette he and a companion, retreating on the wagons, had a fight with Indians who "presented rather a formidable appearance, advancing in double file, all armed and decorated in the most hideous way imaginable; some had the horns of animals fastened on their heads, others were fantastically decorated with feathers, while others were ornamented with rushes so arranged that they seemed to be carrying brush heaps on their heads, besides being otherwise ludicrously fixed off, doubtless for battle."

"Otherwise ludicrously fixed off" is splendid! Later he was menaced by highway robbers; saw the hanging of a purse-stealing Spaniard, each miner "pulling with a hearty good will"; and witnessed the end of a murderer who acknowledged his guilt, "saying he was now ready to die." And, adds the chronicler, "As may be imagined he was ably assisted by every man present."

Then: trading and transporting merchandise—trading honester, by the way, than that of the proprietor of a tent-store who agreed that business was good: "As an illustration he told us some Indians visited him the day before and wished to buy some raisins, but having no scale to weigh them he put a pole across a rock, and tying a box of raisins to one end, demanded enough gold to balance it, in payment for them, which they very promptly furnished."

That was in the earlier stages of his strenuous career. The rest of the time covered by his story—until he ended his wanderings with the "adventure of matrimony"—was spent in Puget Sound and its district. There he lived gallantly and dangerously on land and sea, bartering and seeking sites and coal. There, once more, Indians threatened him, afloat and ashore.

The search for the coal brought him into contact with natives of varying degrees of antagonism and as many varieties of "welcome"; and it was by no means easy to explain his desires even in "the Chinook language or jargon, used by the Hudson Bay Company and all whites on the Coast in their intercourse with the Indians."

In the initial stages he gave pipes and tobacco to men and looking-glasses and brass rings to women. "I then," he continues, "exhibited a piece of coal and asked them where I could find some of the same sort; they examined it well, tasted of it and were curious to know what I wanted with it, expressing much astonishment at being told that it would burn like wood; I told them to examine the country all around and if they found any and would bring it to me I would pay them well, which they promised to do." As a result, "a vein of fine looking coal" was found up the Stilaguawamish River; but, intervening, had been risks from the Snoqualmies and from the ferociously-

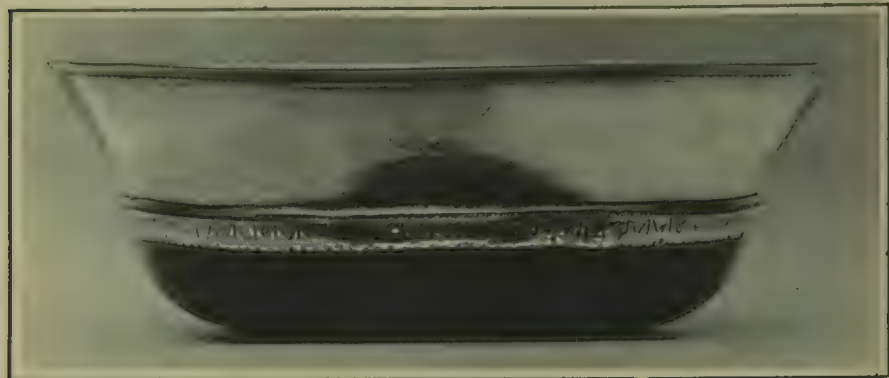
painted Snohomishs, who had abducted a woman worth at least two blankets and one blanket; a warning-off that necessitated the pretence of writing a letter to the "Boston Tyee, the President of the United States"; and promises of death that were not kept after the white man had done a little Maskelyne-ing with three revolvers to convince his foes that he owned a gun which, if loaded in the morning, would shoot all day without being exhausted and "mamaloose" enemies galore!

As to the subsequent trading, that also was, as an economist of words has put it, "fraught." The fact that Hancock was a Mah-kook Man, a merchant, saved him once; his assertion that he was a King George Man, an Englishman, saved him a second time; but he escaped storm and stress at sea, in brig, ship's boat, and canoe, only by pertinacity and Providence; and he got away alive from the Aheosites—who war-danced about him "painted . . . jet-black, relieved by red stripes over their faces and persons"—only because of his coolness, his natural audacity, and, it must be added, his diplomacy.

In fact, a most remarkable person, Samuel Hancock; and it is fittingly written: "There is rich ore in the Narrative, for Hancock tapped the mother

lode of True Romance. His nuggets await the reader, and if the language containing them is somewhat rugged, nonetheless is it as straightforward and unpretentious as himself." Certainly, none should miss the book: it pans out exceedingly well.

E. H. G.



DATING FROM 1525 AND ONE OF THE LARGEST KNOWN: THE MAZER OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF EPWORTH, THE HOME OF THE WESLEYS, IN LINCOLNSHIRE, WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This mazer was, it is thought, presented to the church soon after it was made, in 1525. A faculty for its sale to a national institution was granted by the Chancellor of the diocese in view of the parish's urgent need of money wherewith to pay for structural repairs. Its everted silver rim is a feature.

highly coloured characters dwelling in cloth-binding, flickering on the screen, or lending war-paint and trick-riding to stage and circus ring. They were a sinister, ever-present trouble. But they were a part of his working life and he met them as such, looking upon them as evil inevitables, much as the modern looks upon the beasts of the jungle; and confident that, having been taught to be cautious, he could cope with them and avoid the sweep of the knife across his head.

The train of wagons from Independence had been a bare four days on "the long, and at that time uncertain journey across the Plains" and had rested for only two when Redskins were seen on the adjacent hills, the animals showed uneasiness, and the stealing of cattle began. Certain of the losses were recovered after the thieves had deemed it wise to flee, but there was wanton butchery and the "bell-cow" had to be sacrificed: a pity, that, for she had done signal service. Let the writer bear witness: "A party of twenty-five immediately started out from camp in the direction that we heard a bell, that was around the neck of a trusty animal, the Indians had driven off amongst the others they had stolen; this animal being frightened at the appearance of these unfamiliar masters, would not allow them to approach her, to remove the bell, and by this means we were enabled to continue the pursuit. The Indians finding it impossible to get near this bell-cow endeavoured to kill her, for we found a number of arrows had pierced the poor creature. . . . we killed the bell animal in consequence of the many wounds she had received from the bows of the Indians." And so to re-yoking and a fresh start.

Thereafter a Brave was brought to earth by a rifle-bullet, "to be cared for by his friends, should they chance that way"; and there were other encounters. At one native village, dead prairie dogs and screech owls were proffered as delicacies. A while and the treachery Hancock is content to call unreliability became evident. Again the narrator is matter-of-fact, although he "registers" horror and sympathy. "One of the company expressed his intention of going out in search of deer; we observed him enter a bend of the river bottom where there was a thicket of brush, and soon afterwards heard him halloo, but attached no importance to it, as no Indians had been seen in this vicinity. A sufficient length of time having elapsed for his return, we became anxious for his safety and five of us started to look for him, when to our horror we found his lifeless body on the ground divested of clothing and scalp. It was impossible to track the



THE MOST IMPORTANT TILTING HELMET IN EXISTENCE: THE WORLD-FAMOUS "BROCAS" HELM, WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Valuable additions were recently made to the Armouries of the Tower of London by the Committee of the Royal Artillery Institution, who control the Rotunda Museum, Woolwich. These include the "Brocas" Helm, which—now world-famous and the most important tilting helmet in existence—was bought at the Brocas Sale, in 1834, for £61. It weighs 22 lb., and it dates from the late 15th or early 16th century.

* "The Narrative of Samuel Hancock (1845-1860)." With an Introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith; and a Map of the Oregon Trail. (George G. Harrap and Co.; 10s. 6d. net.)

STRANGE FEATURES OF STRANGE CITIES OF THE WORLD:

To the many strange "effects" to be seen in the cities of the world, freakish settings due to Nature and settings man-made, must be added the air-shaft and the air-shaft shields of the roofs of Hyderabad, the historical capital of Sind; for, as our photographs make very evident, they present quite a Cubist picture! There is very good reason for this oddity: it is useful; not a mere exuberance of fancy. As it is beyond the action of the south-west monsoon, Sind has a climate which is abnormally dry and sultry. In the winter the heat in Hyderabad is tolerable; in the summer it is almost unbearable. The houses are built of clay and are distempered white, and are unornamented. The bitter fight against the sun and the desert sand is waged incessantly. Part of

[Continued opposite.



A CUBISM THAT IS NO MERE PAINTER'S FREAK! THE QUEER AIR-SHAFTS AND AIR-SHAFT SHIELDS ON ROOFS OF HYDERABAD, SIND.

HYDERABAD—A VERY VALUABLE "CUBIST" PICTURE.

[Continued.]

the defences are the air-shafts and their shields. The former are designed to draw into the dwellings every possible current of air; the function of the latter is to keep out the sand. The Hyderabad with which we are concerned, by the way, must not be confused with that Hyderabad which is the capital of Hyderabad State, on the Musi. Hyderabad, Sind, is in the north-west of British India, and belongs to the Presidency of Bombay. It is three-and-a-half miles east of the left bank of the Indus. It is famous for its lacquer-work, gold-work, silks, and pottery; and it also manufactures arms. To the visitor it is of particular interest, for it is little known to the tourist. It was built in its present form in 1768, and, standing on a hill, is a natural fortress.



A DELIGHT FOR THE CUBIST! THE REMARKABLE "FUTURIST" EFFECT OF THE SHAFTS FOR CATCHING AIR-CURRENTS AND THE SHIELDS AGAINST SAND, IN HYDERABAD, SIND.



THE EARLY DAYS OF ELECTRICITY IN ENGLAND: GILBERT OF CHESTER EXPERIMENTING BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IV.—ARTISTIC HOME LIGHTING.

IT is a curious fact that, although electric light offers a far wider range of artistic effects than any other illuminant, its æsthetic side is about the last to be considered. I do not refer to the beauty of electric-light fittings in themselves; most people take some trouble in selecting electroliers, pendants, and table-lamps, which appeal to the eye as well as to the purse. I refer to the potential charm of electric light itself—to the effects which may be secured by placing lamps in particular positions, diffusing their light in one way or another, and tinting it or providing it with special coloured shades which enhance the value of the other decorations in the room.

During the pioneer days only the most elementary attempts were made to diffuse electric light so as to get rid of the "glare and glitter" which, according to contemporary accounts, seems to have impressed our forebears. Occasionally, the outside of the bulb was frosted, but this proved rather wasteful, as the frosting absorbed a good deal of the light, and soon became dirty. As a rule, the lamps were provided with shades of crinkled glass, sometimes lightly frosted, sometimes tinted pink or other colour. In design and decoration they were characteristic products of glass-works accustomed to turn out cheap vases for country mantelpieces. The best that could be said for them was that they did screen the eyes from the direct rays of a bright filament. From the æsthetic point of view, however, they were hardly to be preferred to the plain, conical opal shade which was adopted from the first in kitchens and minor rooms, and has persisted to this day. Although most people asked nothing better from electric lighting than beautiful fittings, there were some who had a glimpse of the charm of light itself, properly used. In one of the rooms of Buckingham Palace, "cornice lighting" was introduced at a very early stage. Here the lamps were completely hidden behind a cornice, and their light was reflected from the ceiling in a glow which suffused the whole room.

Early in this century, the metal filament lamp ousted the carbon lamp, by virtue of giving about four times the light for the same current. The new lamps were not only more brilliant than the old; they were bigger, with the result that the old shades did not screen more than half of the bulb, leaving the best part of an intensely brilliant filament exposed. Both from the æsthetic and the illuminating points of view, the new lamps should have been used only with shades or reflectors specially designed to screen the filament and diffuse the light agreeably and efficiently. But so conservative is the human mind that an enormous number of people went on using the old shades, getting what was really worse lighting, and certainly an uglier effect. This glaring evil—glaring in every sense—was increased when the "gas-filled" type of metal filament lamp was introduced, providing an intensely brilliant source of light which the human eye is not built to contemplate any more than it is to stare at the sun.

As soon as this electric sun was available for domestic use, the electrical industry provided fittings which would satisfy both the illuminating engineer and the artist. The age of "bowl" fittings began. These bowls were of alabaster or opalescent glass, which transmitted some of the light directly, and reflected some on to the ceiling. Or they were of metal, shutting off all direct rays from the lamp, and concentrating, by means of highly polished reflectors inside the bowl, all the light upon the ceiling. There was a classic simplicity about these bowl fittings which made them a pleasant change from the rather ornate electroliers of the earlier period. Their main advantage, on the other hand, lay in the soft, restful beauty of the illumination they produced. The metal bowl, with its totally concealed lamp and its wholly reflected light, reproduced the effect of the old cornice lighting at Buckingham Palace. The alabaster bowl also gave a delicately diffused light, with a kind of localised

ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

By "PROTONIUS."

brightness to give relief from an otherwise uniform tone. Both types filled the entire room with light in a manner which made pictures and other decorations clearly visible, and without glare.

Nevertheless, it proved very difficult to induce people to scrap their old electroliers and similar fittings, which had attained the dignity of household gods, and adopt quite a new mode of lighting. For this and other reasons electric-lamp makers set to work anew on the problem of making the lamp-bulb itself a diffusing medium, so that the ugly evil of "glare" would be prevented, even if the lamps were exposed to view. Their first solution was the "sprayed" lamp. The bulb is coated, by means of a compressed-air spray, with special enamel, which is baked hard, and forms a permanent skin, giving the lamp the appearance of a ball of soft, brilliant light. This enamel can be dyed red, green, blue, and various shades of yellow—a fact of considerable æsthetic importance, about which I shall say more in a moment. Hardly had the sprayed lamp made itself popular than it was followed by the "pearl" lamp, which has the interior of the bulb slightly frosted. The outside of the bulb remains smooth, and may therefore be kept perfectly clean; and the amount of light absorbed by the frosted surface is less than that taken by the layer of enamel.

Thanks to these quite recent inventions, electric lighting has taken a big step upwards both in efficiency and in attractiveness. No matter what the type of fitting, the use of a sprayed or frosted bulb improves the beauty and usefulness of the illumination, adding softness without materially reducing the brilliance. One might imagine that in the case of a fitting with, say, a silk shade which practically conceals the lamp, it would not matter whether a clear or a frosted bulb were used. In point of fact, there is a notable difference. With the clear bulb it is difficult to avoid harsh shadows on ceilings, walls, and floor; with the frosted bulb the shadows

use of lamps giving brilliant illumination in blue, green, red, and every shade of yellow from deep orange to pale primrose. Even in the domestic field it is possible to pursue bizarre effects by "painting with colour" by means of colour-sprayed lamps. More important still, for the general run of folk, the colour-sprayed lamp removes from electric light the only possible reproach from the æsthetic side. How often have we heard ladies sigh for the mellow light of wax candles or oil-lamps? They are aware that their complexions, whether natural or artificial, are at their very best in that light, which also has a beneficial effect on the background of wall or decoration. To-day, after a good deal of research, the electric-lamp maker is able to give us a sprayed



ELECTRIC LIGHTING DE LUXE: A STately ROOM WITH A MAGNIFICENT CHANDELIER, PILLAR-LAMP, AND WALL LIGHTS CARRIED OUT BY THE EDISWAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.

lamp so cunningly dyed that the light is a close imitation of the favourite candle-light.

When the virtues of this yellow-sprayed lamp become known, we shall see it largely adopted in drawing-rooms, bed-rooms, and other apartments where a warmer tone than is afforded by the ordinary frosted lamp is desirable. Here again an experiment at home will reveal how remarkably the appearance of a room is enhanced by the change from white to yellow illumination. More convincing still is a visit to the Lighting Service, Bureau of the Electric Lamp Manufacturers' Association at Savoy Hill, London, where there are model rooms fitted so that one can switch instantly from one type of lighting to the other.

The colour possibilities of electric light do not end here. If anyone should wish to retain by night the precise colour-values given by day, he can achieve his desire by the exclusive use of "daylight" electric lamps. Daylight is far from being a constant thing, either in colour or intensity; but the daylight lamp reproduces with extraordinary fidelity the tone of what we may call an average English noon.

In short, we can, by the studied use of modern electric lamps, secure the æsthetic value of any other form of illumination, natural or artificial. We may also indulge in all sorts of æsthetic experiments, by using different kinds of lamps with different shades in a variety of positions. Decorative artists now have ample opportunity of using light, not simply as a final accessory to a scheme, or as a mere means to see by, but as a primary instrument for multiplying the charm of every part of a room. Apart from the types already mentioned, the portable

electric lamp, either as a table lamp or a floor standard, is a most flexible aid to beauty. Itself attractive in form, it may be placed in any position, and fitted with any design of shade to harmonise with its environment. Nowadays electricity is so cheap and electric lamps are so efficient that we can afford to waste electric light in order to gratify our love of beauty. Assuming, of course, that anything is ever wasted in such a pursuit!



COMBINING EFFICIENCY WITH ÆSTHETIC EFFECT: AN OLD ENGLISH INTERIOR LIGHTED BY HOLOPHANE REFLECTOR REFRACTOR UNITS, IN CONJUNCTION WITH SPECIALLY DESIGNED OAK AND VELLUM FITTINGS.

are so softened by the diffused source of light that they practically disappear. The artistic value of this change can easily be tested by trying first a clear bulb and then a frosted one in the same fitting.

On the æsthetic side, the sprayed lamp opens up wonderful possibilities. For decorative lighting in gardens and halls, on promenades and piers, the most gorgeous effects can be achieved by the skilful

TESTING A DISPUTED GOLF PROBLEM: WHICH FOOT TAKES THE WEIGHT?

BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

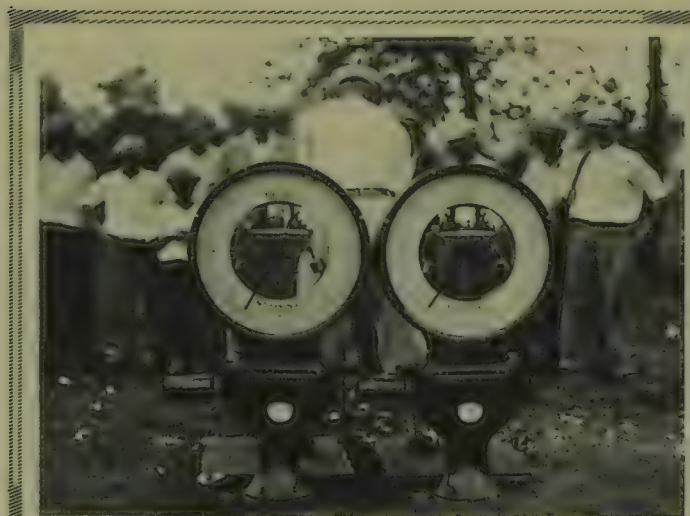


FIG. 1. RECORDING JIMMY KENNY'S WEIGHT-SHIFTING MOVEMENTS WITH SCALES: THE STANCE, WITH 83 LB. ON THE LEFT FOOT AND 81 LB. ON THE RIGHT.

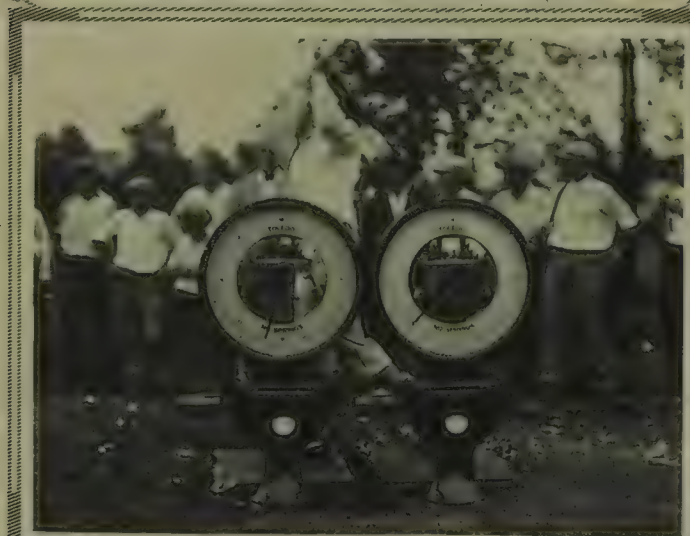


FIG. 3. KENNY'S FIRST POSITION AFTER THE DRIVE: A SHIFT OF WEIGHT FROM RIGHT FOOT TO LEFT, NOT LEFT TO RIGHT, AS SOME CONTEND.

THESE photographs, calling Science to witness in a golf controversy, will interest all devotees of the game. Writing in explanation of them in the "Scientific American," Mr. C. Bond Lloyd says: "Golf writers, players, and instructors have argued and theorised for years as to how the weight is shifted and distributed during the golf swing. There has been much controversy, particularly as to how the weight was distributed at the top of the swing. . . . The photograph (Fig. 8) of Mr. Richard T. Jones, jun., of New York, a very fine player, shows that, at the finish, his weight is practically evenly distributed, there being only five pounds' difference in favour of the right foot. Johnny Farrell, the eastern professional, says: 'As the club goes back, the left leg has continued its inward movement and the right leg stiffens, giving the appearance of bearing most of the weight. This, however, is an illusion. At the top of the swing the weight is evenly distributed and the body still maintains its balance without sway.' . . . Harry Vardon is emphatic in saying, 'At the top of the swing the weight is on the right foot.' J. H. Taylor further emphasises this when he says: 'As the club swings

(Continued in Box 2)

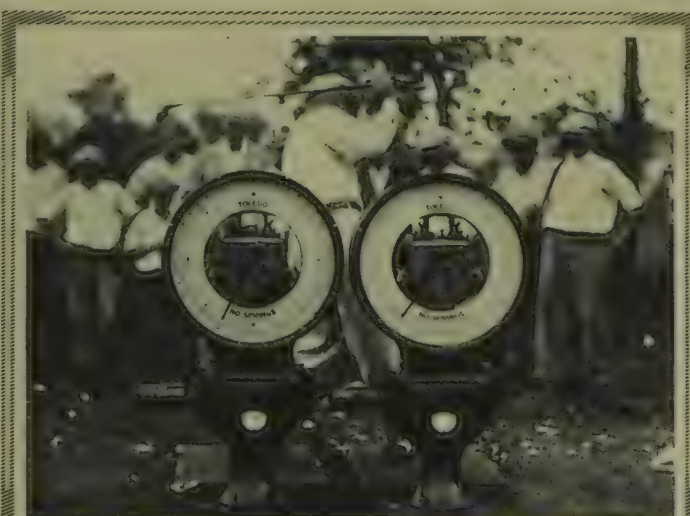


FIG. 2. THE NEXT STAGE IN KENNY'S DRIVE: THE TOP OF THE SWING, WITH 84 LB. ON THE LEFT FOOT AND 80 LB. ON THE RIGHT.

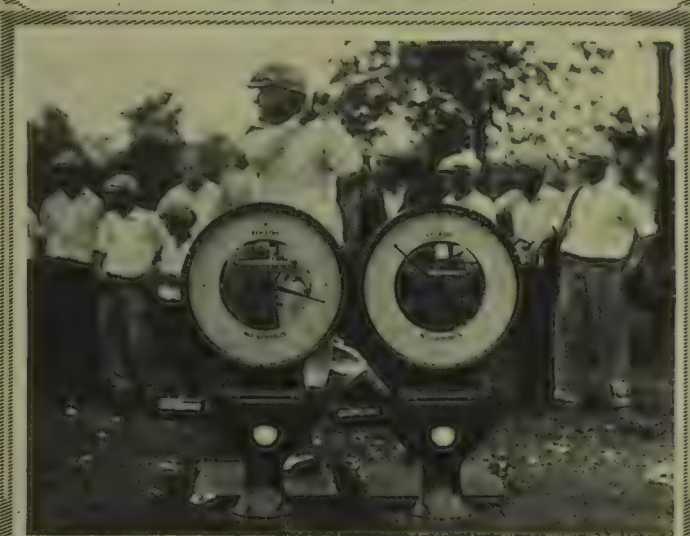


FIG. 4. KENNY'S LAST POSITION AT THE COMPLETE FINISH OF THE DRIVE: A TEST SHOWING THE WEIGHT MOSTLY ON THE LEFT FOOT.

back, the weight should be shifted by degrees until, at the top of the swing, the whole weight is supported by the right leg.' P. A. Vaile, who has written many books on tennis and golf, says: 'Let us consider the distribution of weight in the drive. . . . Where is the main portion of the weight at top of swing? The winners of sixteen British championships say that the weight is mainly on the right foot. They are absolutely wrong. The weight is mainly on the left foot and never by any possibility on the right.' During a national amateur tournament, held at Minikahda, I had an opportunity to place two gravity scales for test purposes. A series of fast grafex pictures and also motion pictures showed that the weight-shift varied, depending on who played the shot. Mr. Harold Weber, a very sound golfer, showed at top of swing 81 lb. on the left and 63 on the right. Ellsworth Augustus, who is a very long driver, showed 63 on the left and 122 on the right. Still more interesting were the tests made during the swing of Jimmy Kenny, the well-known professional at the Sylvania Golf Club.

(Continued in Box 3.)



FIG. 5. RECORDING KENNY'S BODY MOVEMENTS IN A "MID-IRON" SHOT: THE WEIGHT SLIGHTLY MORE ON THE LEFT FOOT THAN IN DRIVING.



FIG. 7. THE FINISH OF KENNY'S MID-IRON SHOT: THE SCALES INDICATING THAT ALL BUT 14 LB. OF HIS WEIGHT IS ON THE LEFT FOOT.

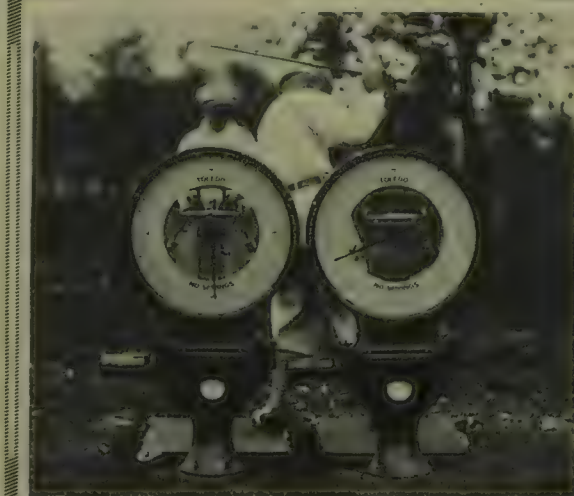


FIG. 6. KENNY AT THE TOP OF THE SWING WITH A MID-IRON: A SCALE RECORD SHOWING 102 LB. ON THE LEFT FOOT AND 62 LB. ON THE RIGHT.

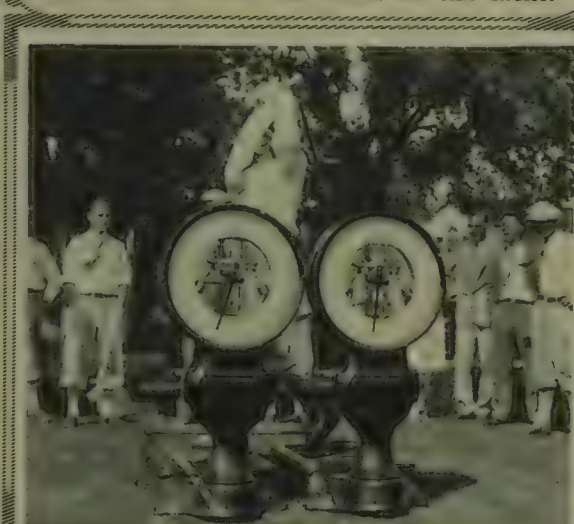


FIG. 8. MR. RICHARD T. JONES, JUNR., OF NEW YORK, AT THE FINISH OF HIS SWING: ONLY 5 LB. MORE ON THE RIGHT FOOT THAN THE LEFT.

Figs. 1 to 4 show Jimmy driving. . . . Fig. 1 shows the stance with weight distributed as follows: 83 on the left and 81 on the right. Fig. 2 at top of swing, shows 84 on the left and 80 on the right. Figs. 3 and 4 show the shift from right to left, not left to right, while at the complete finish, the weight is mostly on the left. In Figs. 5, 6 and 7, Kenny is seen making a shot with a mid-iron. Slightly more weight is on the left foot than when using the driver. At top of swing he shows 102 on the left and 62 on the right foot. At the finish, all but 14 lb. is on the left foot. Either the British 'experts' are wrong or Kenny will have to start changing his swing. 'Why shift the weight during the swing?' he said. 'If it is transferred to the right, it will cause the player to sway, which means that the head of the club in the down swing does not hit the ball squarely and has a tendency to hit behind the ball. . . . If I wanted to get 80 per cent. of my weight on the right foot at the top of swing, I would have to sway at least five inches. If this is sound golf, I will have to revise my method of teaching.'

THE VAST ADVANCE OF AVIATION: AN EARLY PIONEER FLIGHT.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPT. ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.



AS IT WAS EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO: WILBUR WRIGHT FLYING LOW IN A PRIMITIVE MACHINE, OF SMALL POWER, ON FEBRUARY 23, 1909—A CONTRAST TO THE PICTURE OPPOSITE.

One of the greatest wonders of the twentieth century has been the conquest of the air, and the enormous advance made in the development of aviation. A few days ago occurred the twenty-fourth anniversary of that epoch-making event, the first successful aeroplane flight, made by Orville Wright on December 17, 1903. On that occasion he flew a distance of about 850 ft. Two years later he accomplished twenty miles. The above photograph, showing his brother, Wilbur Wright, in the air with a machine used in 1909, presents a striking contrast to the modern

air-liner illustrated on the page opposite. Wilbur Wright is seen flying comparatively near the ground, in a biplane of obviously small engine-power, and without any shelter for the pilot. The brothers Wright, it may be recalled, were originally cycle-makers at Dayton, Ohio. Considerable mystery surrounded their early efforts, but in 1908 they came to France and gave demonstrations which astonished the world. Wilbur Wright attained a speed of 60 kilometres an hour, and created a record by remaining in the air over an hour with a passenger.

THE VAST ADVANCE OF AVIATION: A MODERN AIR VOYAGE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPT. ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.



AS IT IS TO-DAY: A THREE-ENGINED AIR-LINER OF NEARLY 1200 H.P., CARRYING TWENTY PASSENGERS, FLYING HIGH AMONG THE CLOUDS—A CONTRAST TO THE PICTURE OPPOSITE.

How enormously aviation has developed since the first aeroplane flight of 1903 may be realised by comparing the above photograph with that on the opposite page. Here we illustrate one of the giant modern air-liners used on the Continental services of Imperial Airways, this particular machine being the Armstrong-Whitworth "Argosy." It is propelled by three engines, developing a total of nearly 1200 h.p., and carries twenty passengers in its large cabin, besides the pilot, mechanic, and luggage. In this connection it is interesting to bring

together certain comparative statistics regarding the first practical aeroplanes and those of to-day. Thus, it is stated that in 1903 the highest speed attained was 30-35 miles an hour, while this year's record is 296 m.p.h. The longest non-stop distance flown in 1903 was 850 ft.; in 1927 it was 3911 miles. For the same two years the non-stop duration records were respectively 59 seconds and 52 hours. But perhaps the most astonishing progress has been made in altitude. In 1903 the greatest height attained was 15 ft.; in 1927 it was 36,220 ft.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE REVELATION OF ISABEL JEANS.—THE HUMOUR OF P. G. WODEHOUSE.

IT is said that the author of "The Prisoner," M. Edouard Bourdet, after witnessing Miss Isabel Jeans's performance at the Arts Theatre Club, exclaimed: "I have seen Irène in four different languages, but none to excel Miss Jeans."

It is a great compliment, and a well-deserved one. I, too, was more than struck by this characterisation: I was overwhelmed. I had always looked upon Miss Jeans as a very clever actress, exquisitely *piquante*, elegant, fascinating; I had read depth and lustre in her eyes. But often I had asked myself in how far are they the true mirror of her soul? How much fire is there behind the lustre, how far goes the depth—or is it merely mirage? And suddenly the answer came when she made her very first entry in "The Prisoner." This shyness, this subdued manner of speech, these furtive glances, these eye-lashes shuttering the pupils whenever a penetrating question was asked; this unexpressed yet touching appeal for understanding, for mercy, for that *tout comprendre* which is the prerogative of the liberal-minded—it all explained the play, its meaning, and the subjugation of a soul. We who knew what it was all about said: "Poor woman! What slavery, what degradation, what an existence on the direct steep incline of future mental aberration!" And those who did not understand until they were told meditated: "What horrible crime she must have committed thus to be at the mercy, to exist under the yoke, of that other person we never see, but whose nefarious influence dogs Irène's every step like a wraith!"

After Irène had married Jacques there was a moment's relaxation in the action, and Miss Jeans relaxed too. To the outward world those two jogged along fairly contented in double harness. Thousands of women spend their lives in a lukewarm atmosphere. Irène lived in hum-drum; she hid her fear that the irresistible current would again be turned on her; had there been a child the spell might have been broken for ever. But there was no child; there was no real affinity between husband and wife. For all her composure, Irène's soul was, if I may call it so, locally anaesthetised. She would yield to the spell at the slightest provocation. When it came, as by wireless, during a conversation in intimacy which at first heralded coming understanding, her whole being became transformed—the old Irène again—shy, shift-eyed, looking towards the clock in restlessness and anxiety. And so she hurried the conversation with her husband, drove it on the rocks, rushed away, more prisoner than ever.

Miss Jeans was wonderful in all these phases. Her features varied, her voice sounded different notes with the commotion in Irène's soul. We felt it with and for her; she had attained a certain placid happiness; would that Fate had let her retain it! But Fate would not; once in that vortex, always in it. The call of the siren was mightier than even the shelter, the comfort, the home of wedlock. And so Irène comes back, cowering like a whipped cur, a picture of hopelessness, of infinite woe: one who has finished with normal life, who is a damned soul, sentenced to perennial servitude, until when? Till health, mind, life-force give way—until—but why conjecture? There are some terrestrial infernos which no normal mind can fathom. Here was tragedy as the Greeks understood it, as well as the tragedy of modernity. And Miss Isabel Jeans expressed it so soberly, so quietly, so restrainedly, yet so infinitely poignantly that we shuddered and

wincing. It was a revelation, and one that haunted us long after the curtain's fall.

Miss Jeans's performance, and Mr. Charles Carson's magnificent distinction and discretion in the scene which sounds the keynote of the play, offered ample *raison d'être* for the performance of M. Bourdet's work, excellently translated by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield. Albeit that the Censor is right in withholding further license from it—for the subject is more suited to the student than to the pleasure-seeking playgoers, nine-tenths of whom are, one may say happily, total strangers to its substance—there is no reason to call

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has a true sense of fun. It springs spontaneously and unexpectedly, and he adorns his follies with no ornament. For this is not wit or *persiflage*; this is not the scintillation of an epigram or the brilliance of a well-coined phrase. It has very little to do with pure intelligence, and yet it is safe from any charge of inanity. His silliness has always quality, a nicety that defies explanation. Why do we laugh? After all, the tale is very thin; the extravagances he indulges in are a stock-pot for the comedian's use, and acting alone, however clever, cannot make a farce.

Now this sort of farce will not fill an evening, though it may entertain for a minute. There must be fertility of invention, ingenuity of purpose, and the content of a comic idea. But Mr. Wodehouse is as utterly nonsensical as Edward Lear. He creates absurdity in *excelsis*, and still somehow we are aware that it has its roots in a fine mind. Foolish he is not, though he loves folly. His characters never irritate and never put you out of patience. He is a stylist who dispenses with every attribute of style, for his dialogue is never more than felicitous, a light appropriateness to the occasion, an easy sense of fitness in the mouth of the speaker.

To attempt to tell the story of Bill Paradene enchanted by the remote Dr. Sally Smith would be to give the dry bones of a series of inconsequential confusions that could not in any way convey the magic of his laughter-provoking art. To attempt to dissect the jokes about Lord Tidmouth's umbrella and his wives would be to kill the spirit which animates them. This comic spirit will not be pinned down by an incident. It refuses to be prosaic, for its delicate wings are too ridiculously active to be netted. Nor is the laughter without its softening gleams. Pathos and humility blend, and how Mr. Ernest Truex can combine them is the

secret of great comic acting. For this Bill is not only wildly funny but most lovable. This is real humorous characterisation, and, though the whole imbroglio is, as it were, founded on nothing, it is the work of a master of farce. Only a stylist who understands the psychology of laughter could manage to keep "Good Morning, Bill," on that plane without being wearisome.

For behind the delicious and engaging fun is a keen intelligence, as well as a natural spontaneity. Mr. Wodehouse knows his job. He knows how to construct and build up his material so that nothing is wasted. It is true that the play is based on the Hungarian of Ladislaus Fodor, and probably he has taken over something of that author's framework. But it remains fresh in his hands. It is not a translation nor even an adaptation, for the author, passing it through the alembic of his own mind, has made it his own. It has all the peculiar qualities that we associate with a good Wodehouse story (and who will mention a poor one?)—unexpectedness, delicacy, skill, good temper, and, above all, the unfailing humour

which can translate nonsense into sense. I have said nothing of the performance, which was altogether excellent, for the players fit the frame, each in their different parts contributing to the joy of the piece, and each revealing the delights of the character they draw. No wonder the applause was loud and long. It is rare to find so refreshing an entertainment. For those who say they cannot enjoy "Good Morning, Bill," I shall reply, in the words of Charles Lamb, that I suspect their taste in higher matters.



"CLOWNS IN CLOVER," THE NEW REVUE AT THE ADELPHI: MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE "TAKES OFF" AN ELDERLY PARISIAN STAR WHO WILL KEEP YOUNG—IN THE SONG, "LA FLEUR PARISIENNE."

it an immoral play. Far from it. I would rather call it a play with a moral, a warning, and one that treads on most delicate ground without ever raising a breath of indelicacy. It is a product of the *Théâtre Expérimental* which has the same right of existence as "Ghosts,"



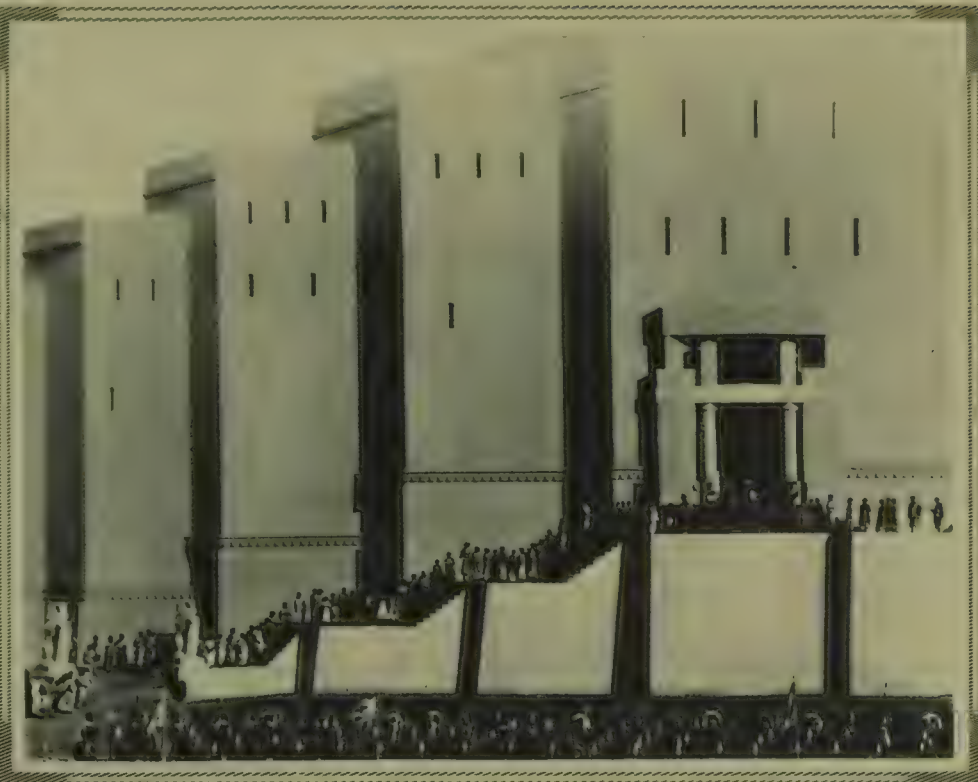
PRINCIPALS OF "CLOWNS IN CLOVER": MISS JUNE, MR. JACK HULBERT, MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE, MR. BOBBIE COMBER, AND MISS IRENE RUSSELL (L. TO R.).

as "Damaged Goods," as that latter-day work of propaganda, "Le Mortel Baiser." One sees a play like this not for amusement, but for enlightenment; for the better understanding of humanity by probing its foibles. To condemn it because some people go in hope of seeing something spicy is as narrow-minded as the outcry against "Ghosts" in the 'nineties. To me "The Prisoner" is a work that by its penetration and sincerity of purpose impels the most altruistic of emotions—compassion for "weak minds led captive."

**FILM ART AT ITS BEST:
MAGNIFICENT SETTINGS FOR
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY."**



ON THE GREAT STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE ENTRANCE GATE IN THE WALLS OF TROY: A COLOSSAL LION DWARFING THOSE OF MYCENÆ—A FINE EXAMPLE OF FILM SCULPTURE.



THE WALLS OF TROY IMPRESSIVELY REPRESENTED IN TERMS OF MODERN ART: A SPLENDID SPECTACULAR "CROWD" SCENE IN "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY."



"THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS": HELEN (MISS MARIA CORDA) AND THE BECKONING SHADOW OF MERCURY, MESSENGER OF THE GODS—A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL EFFECT.



THE CLASSIC ELOPEMENT OF ANTIQUITY: PARIS AND HELEN BESIDE THE SHIP THAT BORE THEM TO TROY—A PICTURESQUE SCENE COMPOSED WITH CONSUMMATE ART.

The film version of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—to judge by these photographs which have just arrived from America—reaches a high level of artistic quality. Both in the settings and the grouping of figures there is evident a touch of poetic imagination, attaining beautiful effects without extravagant display. The architecture of Troy is particularly impressive on the lines of modern theatrical design. The style is in keeping, no doubt, with the author's modernisation of "the tale of Troy divine" in a vein of humorous satire. Menelaos, King of Sparta, is represented as a peace-loving monarch restraining the war-like ambitions of his three generals, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses, while Helen, his wife, has caused a crisis in the Spartan clothing trade by setting the fashion of buying clothes in Troy. Thus the stage is set for the arrival of Paris, the Trojan prince, and her elopement with him. Both the film story and the book on which it is based are the work of Professor John Erskine, who holds the Chair of English at Columbia University, New York. The book has long been a "best-seller" in the United States, and Professor Erskine, we learn, receives a dollar a word for his work in American magazines. The film is the production of First National Pictures Inc., of New York.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Brilliant Year.

This year, which has been socially the most brilliant since pre-war days, has provided much interest and amusement during its last month. There were, indeed, so many charity affairs right up to Christmas week, when the series came to an end with the Silver Rose Ball, that numbers of people must have felt they wanted a rest cure, or at least a few quiet days in their country homes before beginning the Christmas festivities. Instead of that, they raced off in all directions to one or other of the Hunt Balls which have now well begun, and which will go on for many weeks.

This month has seen two of the more important weddings of the year, that of the Hon. Janet Aitken to the Duke of Argyll's heir, which, owing to Lady Beaverbrook's death, was celebrated very quietly; and that of Lord Settrington to Miss Elizabeth Hudson. Those who saw Lord Settrington's marriage will not soon forget the almost severe beauty of the scene in the white-and-grey church of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, when the Bishop, in his embroidered vestments and mitre, stood at the top of the chancel steps delivering his address to the bride and bridegroom, who stood before him; the bride a slender erect figure in her white gown (the double train that met in a point over her ivory lace veil giving it the appearance of folded wings), the three officiating clergymen standing on a lower step, with dark lines of little orange-trees on either side, and below them the pretty group of youthful bridesmaids and pages in softly tinted velvet. The eye followed the line of colour from the children up to the Bishop and beyond him to the lilies on the altar and the great stained-glass window behind.

Dublin's New Hostess.

Those who have met Mrs. James MacNeill, the wife of the High Commissioner of the Irish Free

State, during the few years she has spent in London, feel sure that she will be a great success as hostess at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, when her husband takes up his new office as Governor-General, in succession to Mr. Tim Healy. Mrs. MacNeill, who was Miss Josephine Ahearn, of Fermoy, is a highly educated woman of great personal charm. She is a good many years younger than her husband, who had been a lonely High Commissioner for some time before she became his wife. He is a quiet, scholarly man with a kindly, courteous manner. She enjoys social affairs, and is a bright, interesting talker, and can, on occasion, make an excellent speech—a fact that was realised by some of her friends for the first time when she was called on to speak at a London dinner. She has been hostess at many Irish gatherings of an informal nature, and pleased her countrywomen very much when she received the guests at the reception held some time ago at Claridge's in honour of Mr. Cosgrave, the President of the Free State. Everyone admires Mrs. MacNeill's pretty pale-



ENGAGED TO MAJOR F. G. BEAUMONT-NESBITT: THE HON. RUBY HARDINGE. Miss Ruby Hardinge is the elder daughter of Viscountess Hardinge and the late Viscount Hardinge, and sister of the present peer. Her engagement to Major F. G. Beaumont-Nesbitt was announced recently. Major Nesbitt is at present serving at the War Office in the department of the Chief of the Imperial Staff.

yellow hair, and the unusual way in which she arranges it, with a straight fringe across her forehead and the rest drawn smoothly over the ears and fastened in a knot low on the neck, a style that suits her very well. As wife of the Governor-General, she will probably make the Viceregal Lodge a social



SOCIETY CAROL-SINGERS IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

Our photograph shows a group of well-known people who, during Christmas week, went about singing in the cause of charity, and thereby realised a large sum. They were all masked, the men wearing black and the women red. Included in our group are Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Freyberg, Mr. Jowitt, Lady De la Warr, Mrs. Archie Campbell, Mrs. Cuthbert Ward, Captain Hamilton, Mr. Lewis (son of Sir George Lewis), and Mrs. Fred Lawson.

centre of remarkable charm and brilliance, for Dublin is rich in these qualities, and she will know how to draw them out.

Mrs. Victor Bruce.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, with her husband, has broken several motoring records at a time of year when they might have expected the nightmare experiences that beset them. She has had, indeed, an arduous year, beginning with her exciting motor run from John o' Groats to Monte Carlo, and following that by her very nearly successful attempt to drive into the Arctic Circle. She can drive a car, and she can write in most vivid fashion about her experiences, but she does not care to make speeches about them.

December Engagements.

The end-of-the-year engagements have also been interesting, especially that of Lord and Lady Zetland's young granddaughter, Miss Ismay Fitzroy, who was one of this year's débutantes, to Mr. Walter Sale, of the Royal Horse Guards, and the other of the Hon. Lois Sturt to the Hon. Evan Morgan. This latter pair have for long been so well known in Society, and so long regarded as leaders in all kinds of original and amusing enterprises, the doings of the Bright Young People, and so on, that the news of their engagement was received with much interest and approval.

Mr. Morgan, the only son of Lord Tredegar, has crowded many enthusiasms into his thirty-four years of life, and found many ways of expressing them. At one time after his reception into the Roman Catholic Church, it was understood that he intended to enter a monastery,



THE GUESTS OF LORD AND LADY GOSCHEN IN MADRAS: LORD AND LADY GRIMTHORPE.

Lord and Lady Grimthorpe are making a tour of India, and will then proceed to Colombo, en route for Australia. While in Madras they were the guests of Lord Goschen, who has been Governor of Madras since 1923.

but this proved to be incorrect. He has acted as Chamberlain of the Papal Court, and as one of his duties he carried the Papal Blessing to Lourdes, making his pilgrimage across France on foot. He has published several books of poems and a novel, and has exhibited pictures; but his fame among his friends is rather due to his original and amusing social ideas. Now he wants to take up a political career, and he has been adopted as the Conservative candidate for Limehouse.

Miss Lois Sturt is quite as individual and versatile. She has appeared on the stage and on the films, and when she turned her attention to the Turf she had considerable success with her horses. She is also interested in art, and has a studio in Chelsea. Two or three years ago she was one of the very Brightest Young People; but her love of amusement does not interfere with her more serious interests. She and her brother, Lord Alington, are both candidates for the London County Council, and are standing for the same borough, Shoreditch. She is working hard down there, and is said to be developing into a very capable speaker.

Countess Grey.

Countess Grey, who gave a dance for her daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth Grey, at her home in Eaton Place, at which several very interesting young girls made their début, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Selborne. Both she and her husband have Imperial connections, and at the time

of their marriage his father, the late Earl Grey, was Governor-General of Canada, and Lord Selborne was High Commissioner for South Africa. For some time Lord Howick, the present Lord Grey, was assistant secretary to his father-in-law. They have another connection with high Imperial affairs through Lord Grey's aunt, the Dowager Countess of Minto, whose husband was successively Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India. At her home in Northumberland Lady Grey is a very busy woman, for endless demands are made on her time and initiative. She takes a leading part in the work of the Northumberland Red Cross Society, the women's institutes, infant welfare centres, and so on; and she takes an expert interest in gardening.



THE HON. ISMAY FITZROY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. WALTER SALE, OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

Miss Ismay Fitzroy is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Southampton, and granddaughter of the Marquess of Zetland. She is only nineteen, and was one of the débutantes of last season. Mr. Walter Sale is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sale, of Aston Rowant House, Oxfordshire.

The Débutantes.

The Hon. Anne Wood, the only daughter of the Viceroy of India and Lady Irwin, was at the dance, and with her was her friend, Lady Astor's only daughter, Phyllis. Miss Astor spent some months in the earlier part of the year studying in Paris, but she has recently been continuing her studies in Italy in company with Miss Irwin and Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne, the daughter by a former marriage of Lady Violet Astor, who is giving a dance for her at Haver Castle next month. Two other débutantes were Lady Astor's niece, Miss Joyce Phipps, and Miss Diana Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's eldest daughter. One would not be surprised to hear that after their Christmas festivities some of these young companions were returning to their studies abroad or at home.

WILL PISA RIVAL VENICE IN DISASTER? THE CONDITION OF THE FAMOUS LEANING TOWER.



RUNG OF OLD TO ROUSE PISA TO WAR WITH FLORENCE: ONE OF THE FAMOUS BELLS NEAR THE TOP OF THE LEANING TOWER, 220 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND.



A CAUSE OF INSTABILITY TO THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA: WATER OOZING FROM A SPRING BENEATH THE FOUNDATIONS WHEN THE MOTOR-PUMP IS NOT AT WORK



ONE OF THE MEANS ADOPTED TO PRESERVE THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA: A MOTOR-PUMP TO KEEP THE FOUNDATIONS DRY, WITH AN ITALIAN MECHANIC IN CHARGE.



STATED TO BE IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER, BUT GRADUALLY INCREASING ITS ANGLE OF INCLINATION AND NEEDING MUCH CARE: THE LEANING TOWER, OR CAMPANILE, AT PISA.



ANOTHER CAUSE OF INSTABILITY IN THE LEANING TOWER: SOME OF THE CRACKED PILLARS IN THE UPPER TIERS WHICH HAVE HAD TO BE STRENGTHENED WITH STEEL BANDS.

Is the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa destined to suffer the same fate as that other celebrated Campanile at Venice? The possibility of its fall has for some years caused periodic alarm, which was recently revived. A committee has been appointed by the Italian Government to consider what steps should be taken to avert such a calamity. Although the committee has expressed the opinion that there is no immediate danger, yet some steps are being taken to make any further decline impossible, preparatory to more important works which may be necessary. It has been found that a spring of

water upon which the tower was built has become again active, causing the soil to subside. The weight of the tower is reckoned to exceed 200,000 tons, and the declining in the last few years has reached four millimetres per annum. It is rumoured that some system of "freezing up" the stagnant water in the foundations will be applied, or a general hardening of the soil by means of cement. Meantime a pump is working day and night to extract the water given up by the spring. Parts of the inside walls near the foundation are crumbling, and some of the pillars have developed cracks.

Fashions & Fancies



Next Week's Bargains.

This year there is no pause between the Christmas holidays and the sales. Many of them began as early as Dec. 28. "First come, first served" is the unalterable law governing this campaign, and the woman who knows what she wants and makes straight for it will always reap a rich reward. Jan. 2 is the opening day of the sale at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W.; Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, S.W. Everything has been much reduced in price, including the two pretty frocks pictured here. The one on the left is the copy of a French model carried out in heavy crêpe-de-Chine, and is marked at 6 guineas; while 89s. 6d. secures the printed crêpe-de-Chine on the right, bound with plain. Both the frocks are available in several shades. Then a large collection of cotton frocks for abroad is to be disposed of very cheaply, ranging from 17s. 11d., and a number of smart jumper suits will be offered at 69s. 6d. Pure linen sheets with fancy veining are offered at 35s. a pair, and linen pillow-cases are from 2s. 11d. each. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on request.

During January everything at the Four Shillings off Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Baker Street, W., can be secured at four shillings in the pound less than the marked prices. As everyone knows, everything in these salons comes straight from the hands of the crofters in the far North, and all are wonderfully warm, light, and hard-wearing. There are tweed skirts, such as the one pictured above, which is a special inexpensive model at 35s. The jumper is prettily embroidered in colours, and is also 35s., less the sale

discount. A catalogue illustrating the many jumpers, frocks for children and grown-ups, etc., can be obtained post free on request.

New Year's Coiffures.

The Christmas festivities leave one's coiffure sadly in need of re-dressing for the New Year. The Maison Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., are past-masters in all matters appertaining to hairdressing. Permanent waving is carried out by experts, and soft, wonderfully natural waves are achieved without affecting the texture and softness of even white hair. Hair-tinting with this firm's Vegetable Colouring lotion is another successful branch. The famous La Naturelle transformations are perfect reproductions of nature. One of the latest shingled head-dresses is pictured here, made of naturally wavy hair, and introducing a parting. A catalogue illustrating the newest styles in hairdressing can be obtained post free on request.



A masterpiece of the coiffeur's art is this "La Naturelle" shingled head-dress, which is created by the Maison Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

A Thirty-Guinea Reduction.

During the present sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., which continues until Jan. 28, all model gowns and coats have been drastically reduced. A lovely Chanel evening frock, for instance, in beige lace, with the skirt falling in a long fish-tail at one side, is offered at 25 guineas instead of 60 guineas. A distinctive afternoon frock, the copy of a Lelong model, with the skirt composed of tabs in varying lengths, is available for 12½ guineas. Then there are jumper suits for 59s. 6d., and three-piece stockinette ensembles are 5 guineas. Charming tea-frocks in lace, georgette, and velvet broché georgette are available for 98s. 6d.; and tea-gowns in chiffon velvet and georgette with long trains are £5 19s. 6d. In the children's department, girls' cardigans are available for 10s. 6d., and knitted jumper suits for 20s., size 21 inches.

A Sale Catalogue by Request.

Next Monday heralds the opening of the sale at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., and an advance catalogue will be sent post free to all who mention this paper. There are tea-gowns of the fashionable ring velvet, with sleeve draperies of crêpe suzette, available for £5 18s. 6d., and model evening coats, originally 35 guineas, are reduced to 10½ guineas.



Two splendid bargains for the country enthusiast at the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Baker Street, W. The V-necked jumper is prettily embroidered in soft colourings and matches the well-cut tweed skirt.

In the sphere of lingerie there are evening cami-bockers in pure silk crêpe-de-Chine and lace, cut in a deep V at the back, reduced from 39s. 6d. to 29s. 6d., and Princess slips in Celanese satin, which washes and wears well, are 18s. 6d. In the children's department there are also many bargains. A stockinette jumper suit with pleated skirt has been reduced from 45s. 6d. to 25s. 6d., and a few tailor-made coats are available from 49s. 6d. For still smaller children there are oddments in spring coats of various designs, usually from 69s. 6d. to 89s. 6d., offered at 39s. 6d. each.



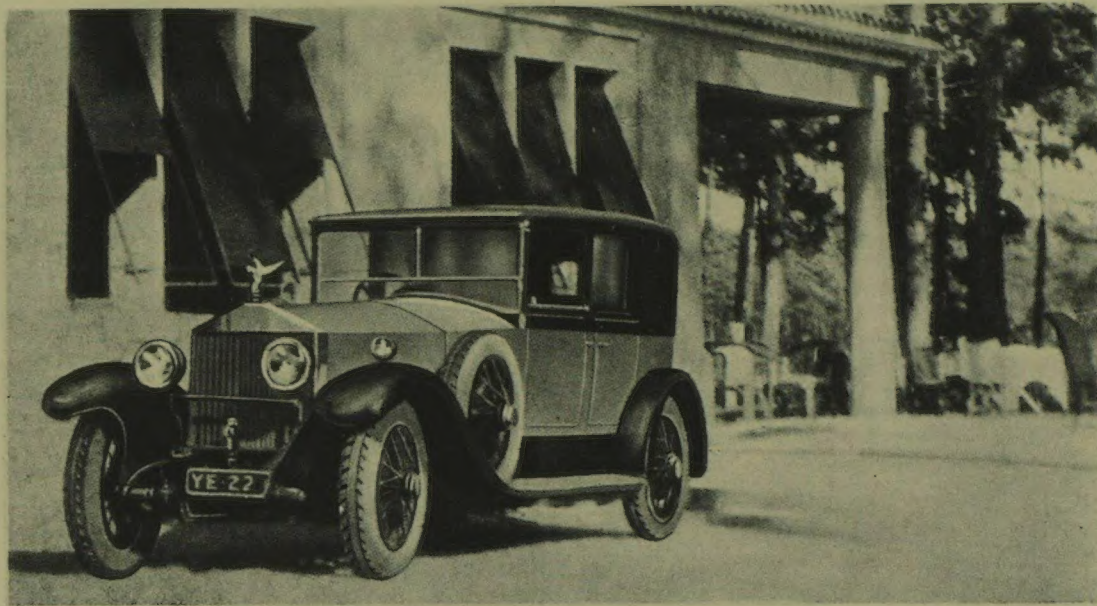
A charming crêpe-de-Chine frock which is much reduced in price at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W.



Printed crêpe-de-Chine expresses this attractive frock, which is included in the sale at Walpole Brothers.

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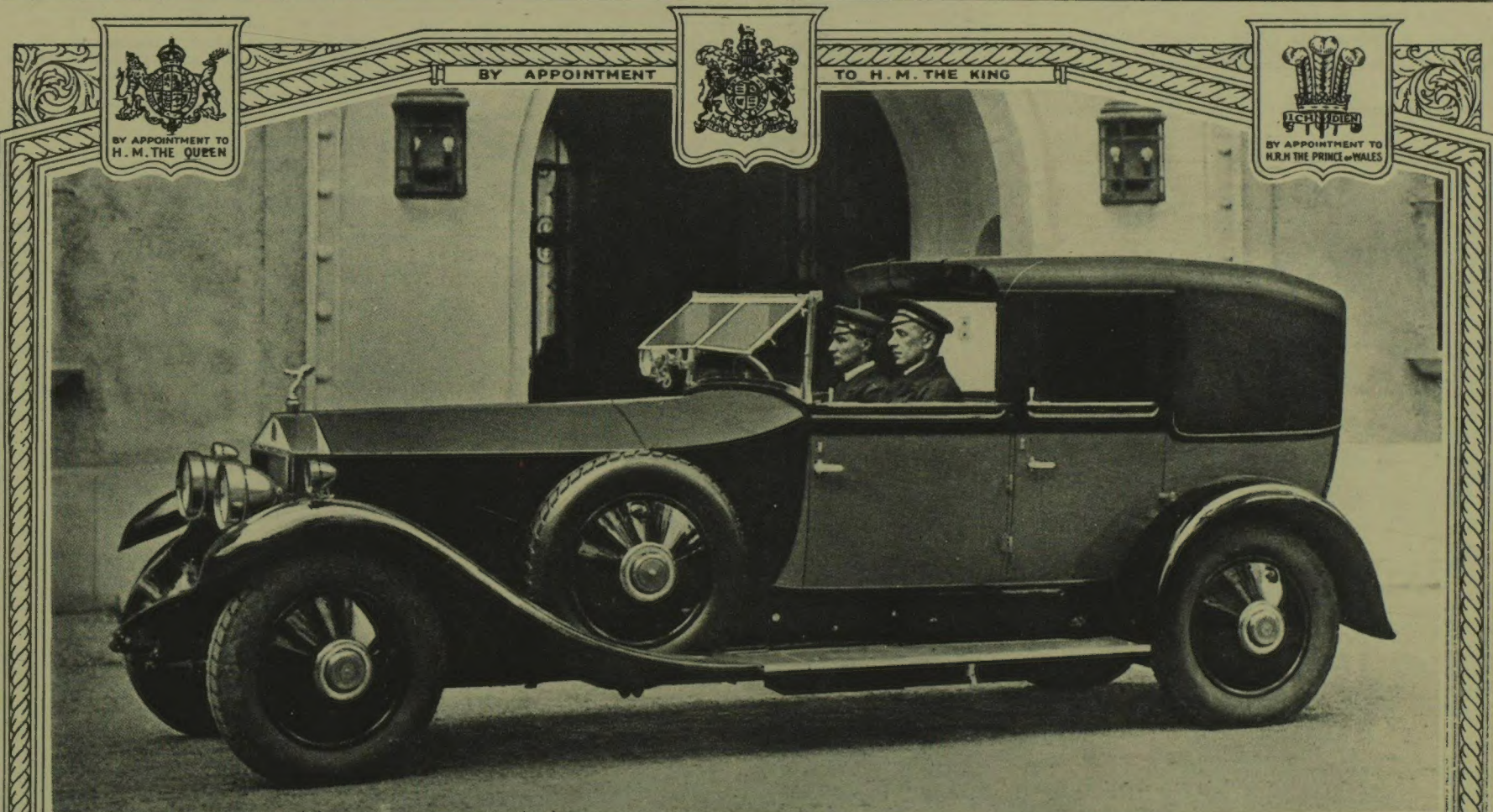


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

COLD WEATHER AND THE WEAKEST PART OF OUR CARS.

BY this time most owner-drivers will have once again rediscovered how very trying a period winter is, in more ways than one. The particular one which is just now worrying me, and, I gather from overheard conversations all over the country in places where motorists meet, most Everymen, is the weary old matter of the inefficiency of our batteries. Wherever you go you hear the most dismal tales of engine-starters which do not start the engine, of lamps which have lost their brilliance, and of heavy bills for the renovation of batteries. You hear some extremely frank comments on the products of famous electrical firms the world over.

As I have just suffered a peculiarly poignant period of difficult morning starting myself, the worst aspects of the case are striking me more forcibly than ever. When I hear owner-drivers plentifully abusing their batteries, I am no longer in the least tempted to excuse the inefficiency of these delicate things, nor the laziness—let us call it that—of those whose business it is to provide us with starting and lighting as trustworthy as the service given by any other portion of the car.

The fact is that we are putting up with oppression. We pay any amount of money for our motor-cars, and yet the man with his £2000 Magnificent is equally at the mercy of a series of miserable accumulators as the man with his £200 Mass. The whole question, at any rate from our point of view who have to use these things, needs immediate and complete revision. As things are now, the only answer we get to complaints is that batteries are very delicate, and that they must not be abused in any way and must be constantly nursed. One easily understands the point of view of the makers, who provide these answers, because the kind of battery which we have to buy from them is generally the kind which emphatically does need nursing. But I take leave to say that it is entirely a wrong point of view.

For example, a London motorist who uses his car constantly in winter has to nurse his battery in a way which is little less than ridiculous in the year 1927. He must use his lights from four o'clock onwards, and unless he is constantly driving at such a speed that the dynamo is charging the battery, the latter immediately starts on the not so very long road to failure. Add to this the probably very numerous engine-startings, and you will understand, as you are informed by the makers, how it is that his battery

requires "gassing up" at fairly frequent intervals, and needs renewal sooner or later.

Country owner-drivers are, of course, better off, because, although they probably use more current through having their headlights on, they do not use the car after dark anything like so much as the Londoner, and, as their average speed is probably at least twice as high as his, their batteries stand a reasonable chance of being kept in a state of charge. Yet these, too, may often have their own special burdens to bear. Unless their motor-houses are well warmed, those same batteries will have a tremendous strain put on them every time the engines are started from cold.

It is really absurd that at this period of motor history a starting-handle should be used for anything except the turning of the engine by hand when it is necessary to check the valve-timing, or for any detail of overhaul. Yet how many of us are there who do not, in their cold motor-houses, turn their engines over a number of times before pressing the button, and thus do the very worst of the labour which an engine-starter is supposed to cancel? Further, if the engine itself happens to be naturally a bad starter, the electric starter will cease to be of much use after a very short time.

I dealt with some of our winter difficulties a month or more ago, but, in view of a recurrence of the appalling Arctic turn this "winter of our discontent" recently took, I may be forgiven for returning once more to a subject so important, seeing how closely it affects our batteries. The first thing to remember (I am writing, naturally, more for the comparatively new member of the motoring fraternity) is that frost can quite literally ruin an engine. One sees owners who have not much experience carefully covering up their radiators, but leaving their bonnets with their open slits uncovered. A radiator cracked by frost may certainly run you in for an unpleasantly large bill, but an engine with cracked water-jackets would make it look like ninepence in comparison.

Beginning, then, at the wrong end of the business, and speaking of leaving cars standing in the open during the day, if it is inconvenient to empty the radiator, give your first thought to your engine and tuck that up in a rug. A second rug doubled over the radiator and a third completely covering the bonnet, and, if obtainable, a fourth over the whole lot, will protect you from damage for quite a long time.

At night, when the car is put away in a garage which is not reliably heated, there is one precaution in particular which must never be omitted. The

radiator must be emptied, and properly emptied. If your car is a modern one with thermo-syphon cooling, it is practically certain that the drain-tap will be at the lowest point, and you may be fairly sure that every drop of water will be out of the system. If the cooling is by pump, you can make things fairly safe by letting the engine run gently for a minute or so with the tap open after you have emptied it.

Another perfectly safe way of warding off frost is to add thirty per cent. of ordinary glycerine to the cooling water; and another, trustworthy enough in an enclosed coach-house, is to have an ordinary electric-light bulb burning under the bonnet, and to cover the latter with rugs. A third is, of course, the use of a special heating lamp of the kind which is sold by various accessories dealers. JOHN PRIOLEAU.

JAN STEEN'S "ST. NICHOLAS'S DAY."

LEST there should be any misunderstanding in the matter, we should like to point out in connection with our recent publication of Jan Steen's "St. Nicholas's Day" that, in introducing "A Golfer's Gallery by Old Masters," Mr. Bernard Darwin, although he remarked that the picture in question was to some extent a problem picture, was treating the matter in his usual attractively light manner when he made that point; and he was careful to explain a little later what the artist actually represented—writing humorously: "As a matter of fact, I believe that all these ingenious suggestions of mine are entirely wrong"; and, continuing seriously: "A Dutch authority tells me that the boy is crying because he has been given a birch, the traditional present for naughty little boys in Holland. On St. Nicholas's Eve the children sing a song ending with the question, Who will get the cake and who the birch?" Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Darwin's authority and our Dutch readers agree. Incidentally, we may add that "A Golfer's Gallery by Old Masters," which is issued by *Country Life*, is a most admirable publication, with perfectly produced reproductions in colours which are certainly worth framing. Apart from the black-and-white illustrations in the Introduction, there are, in the body of the work, delightful representations of no fewer than eighteen most interesting pictures by Old Masters. Each of these is specially mounted on a stout board; and the volume as a whole is so arranged that the mounts, with the pictures upon them, can be detached with ease.

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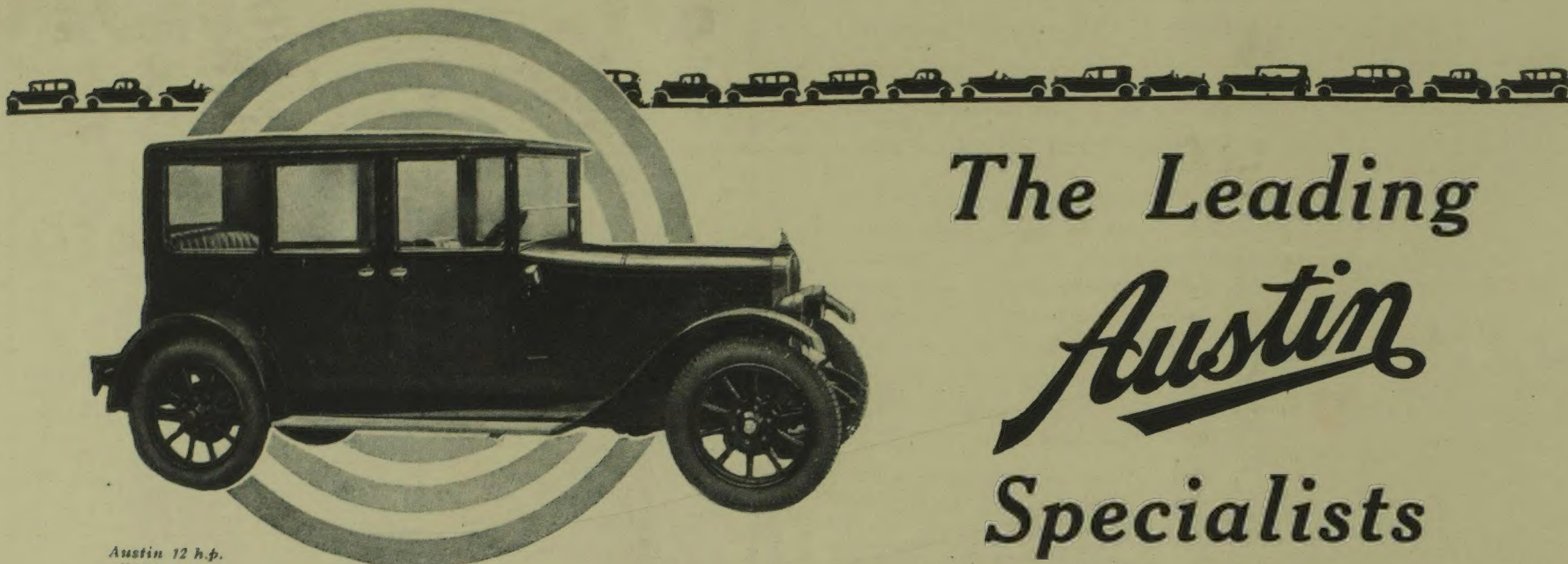


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